YSLAIRE

· SAMBRE ·

Must we die together?

Glénat

YSLAIRE

CHAPTER 1 – THE SECOND GENERATION (1847 – 1848)

SAMBRE

Must we die together?

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YSLAIRE
con la partecipazione di **BALAC**

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YSLAIRE

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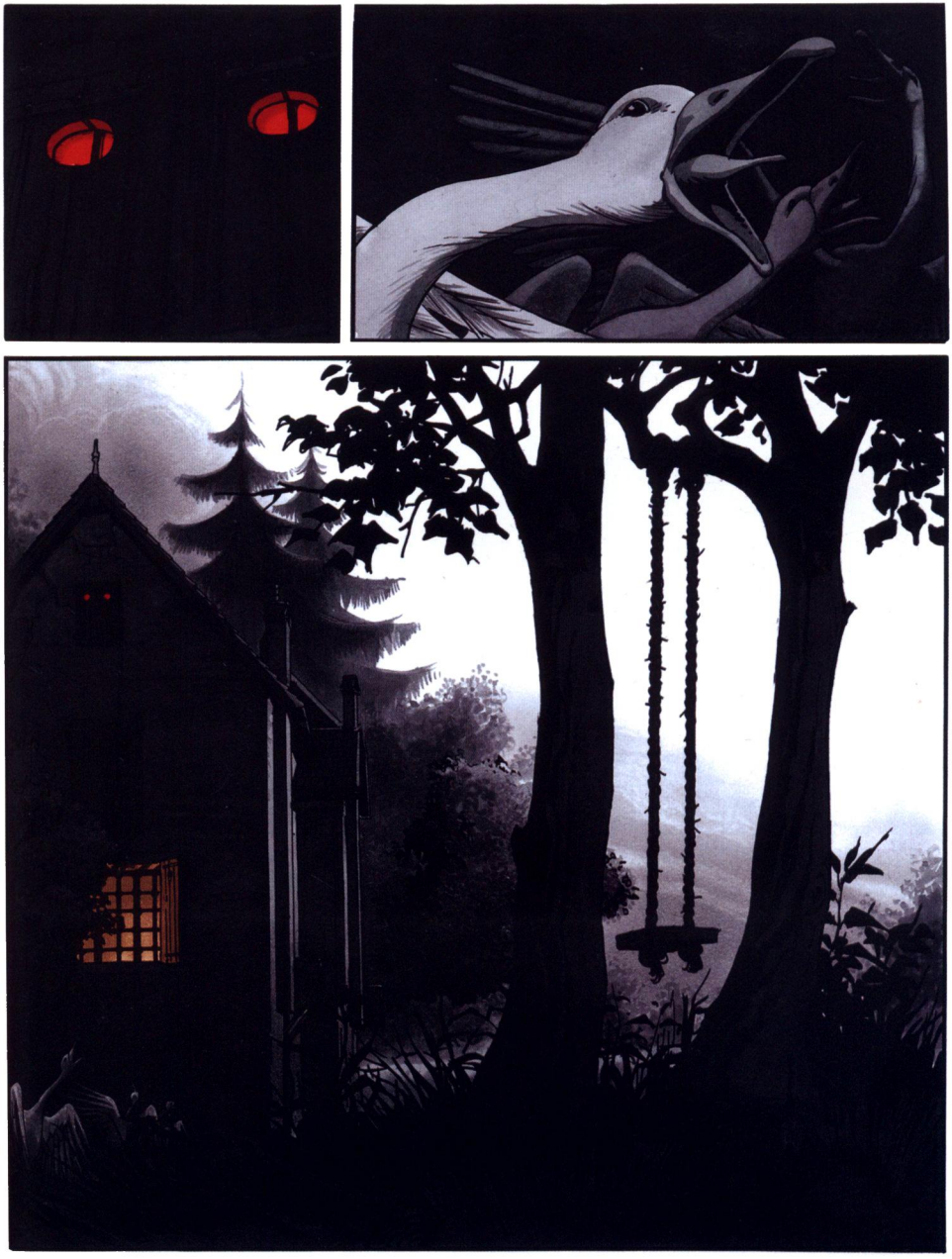
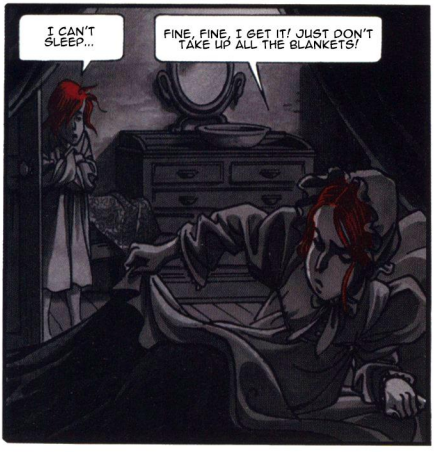
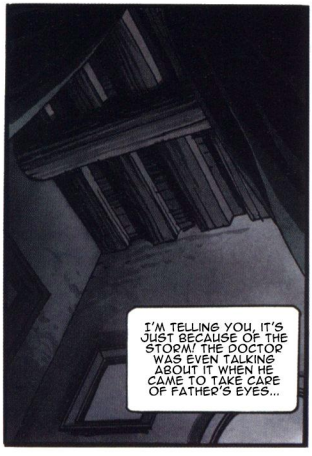


WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?!

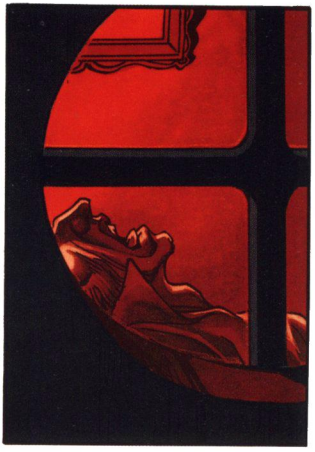

I CAN'T SLEEP...
FINE, FINE, I GET IT! JUST DON'T TAKE UP ALL THE BLANKETS!

YOU HEAR THAT?
HOW CAN I NOT HEAR THOSE STUPID GEESE?... GO TO SLEEP!

IT'S NOT THE GEESE!
YES, IT IS! THEY WON'T SHUT UP EVER SINCE FATHER CAME BACK... THEY CAN SENSE THERE'S A STORM COMING!!
YOU THINK SO?


I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S JUST BECAUSE OF THE STORM! THE DOCTOR WAS EVEN TALKING ABOUT IT WHEN HE CAME TO TAKE CARE OF FATHER'S EYES...

HEY, DO YOU THINK HE'S GONNA DIE?
OF COURSE NOT! EVERYTHING'S FINE NOW... NOW THAT HE'S BACK HOME...



WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?
WHAT DO YOU THINK? ORDERS... OR PROVOCATION...

WITH FIVE TO ONE ODDS, DON'T BE TOO HASTY, COMRADE! WHEN THE MUNICIPAL GUARDS ATTACK, IT'LL BE A BLOODBATH...

IF THEY ATTACK... BUT THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE OF THAT! THIS MORNING THE GOVERNMENT HAS LOST ITS IRON HAND!... THE FIST OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE IS NOW SHEATHED IN A MERE COTTON GLOVE...

RODOLPHE! THEY'RE ATTACKING...
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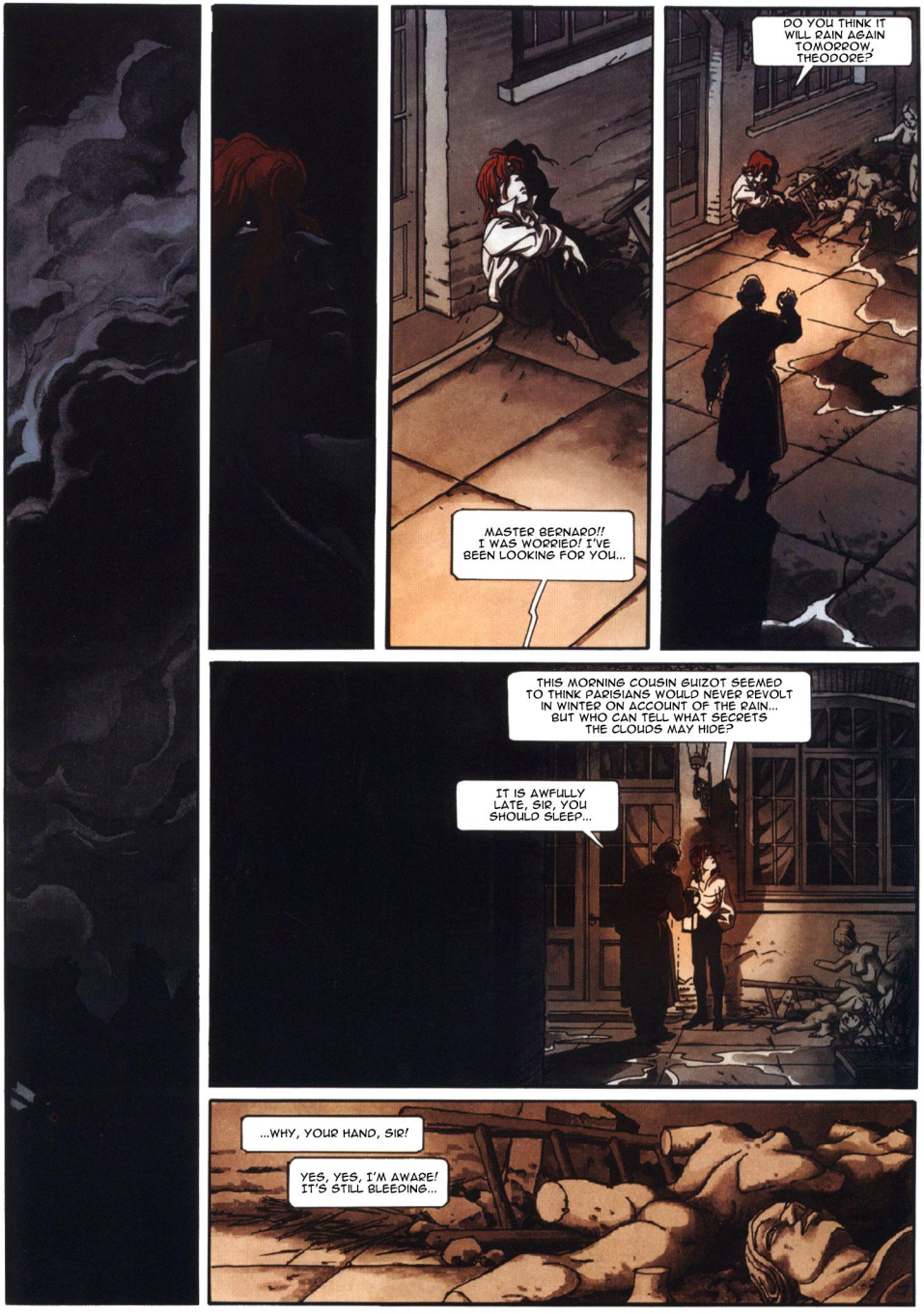
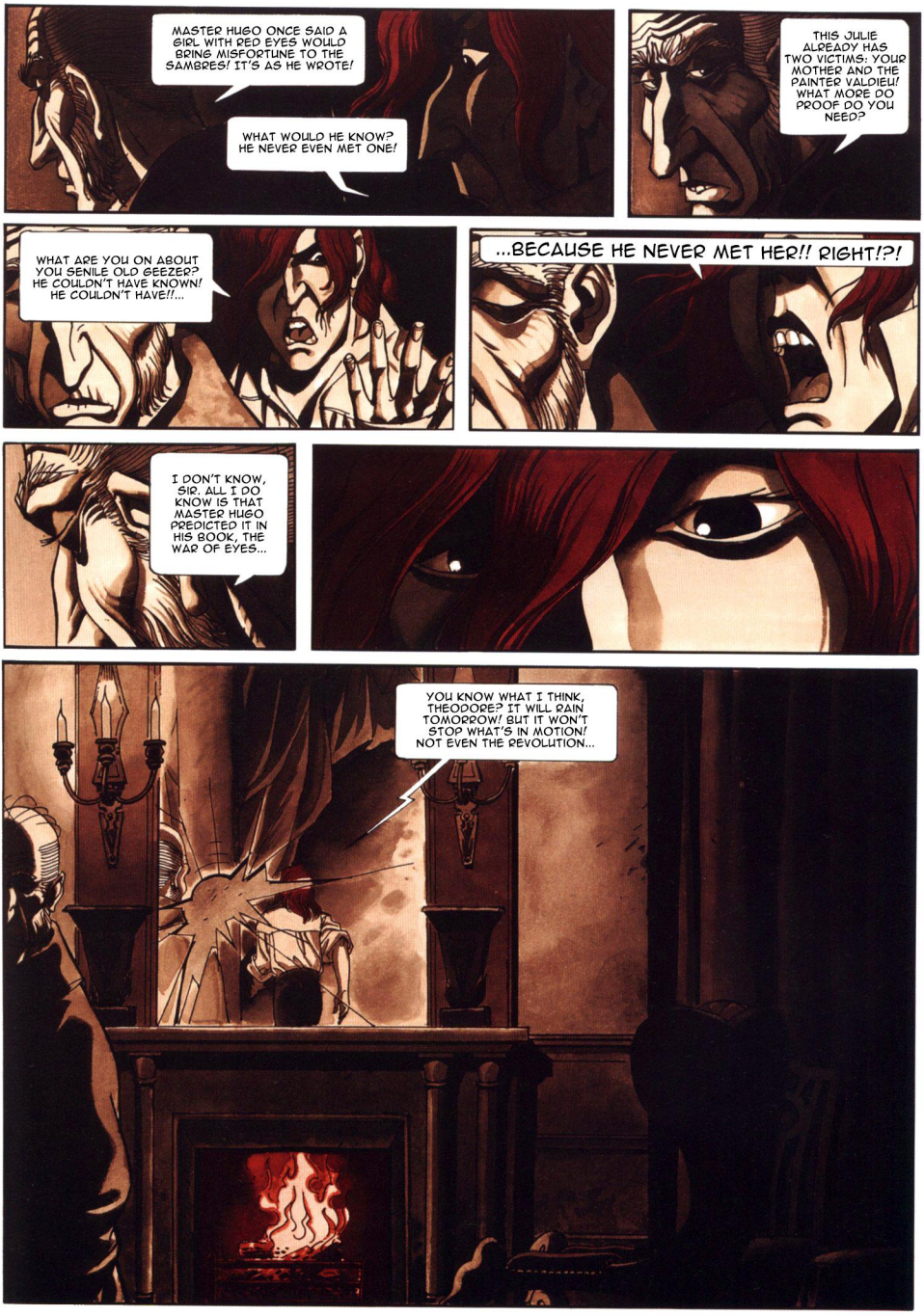
NO, THIS IS JUST AN INTIMIDATION TACTIC! NOBODY MAKE A MOVE! YOU MUST NOT PROVOKE THEM!...
HEY! DON'T...
GO ON, FIRE! FIRE! BLOOD MUST FLOW TONIGHT...
JUST BE SURE AND AIM FOR THE STOMACH SO THAT MY CHILD MAY NEVER KNOW OUR MISERY!!...

RODOLPHE! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!...
THE GUARDS ARE FALLING BACK!!...

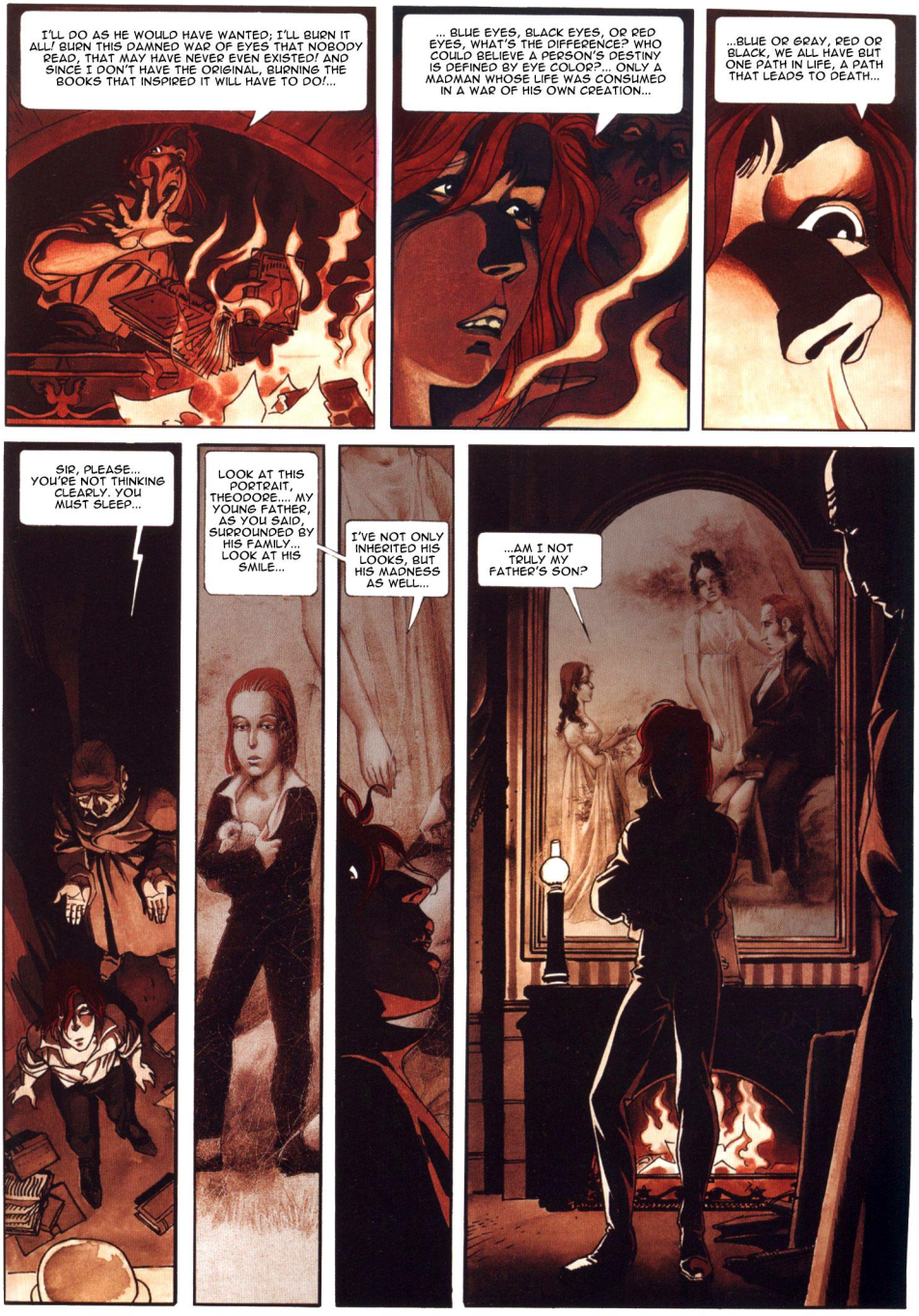
VICTORY, COMRADES! A SINGLE, UNARMED GIRL TRIUMPHED IN THE FACE OF THIRTY RIFLES! THE VERY EMBODIMENT OF THE PEOPLE HAS REPELLED THE ARMY!!!
HM. UNLESS THE ARRIVAL OF THOSE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN OVER THERE WAS IN FACT THE REAL REASON BEHIND THE RETREAT OF THE MUNICIPAL FORCES! LOOK, THE OFFICERS STILL APPEAR RESTLESS!
YES, TEMPER YOUR ENTHUSIASM, BAPTISTE! AFTER THAT LITTLE BOUT OF MADNESS, IT WOULD SEEM THE "PEOPLE" ARE LYING FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT!...
SHE'S PASSED OUT. IT SEEMS FEAR FINALLY GOT THE BETTER OF HER...
...NONETHELESS, SHE TRULY DID CONFRONT DEATH AND STARE IT STRAIGHT IN THE EYES!...
CONFRONTED DEATH? YOU MEAN SHE SOUGHT IT!...
...AND WHO KNOWS IF SHE'LL MANAGE TO FIND IT YET!


MASTER BERNARD!! I WAS WORRIED! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU...
DO YOU THINK IT WILL RAIN AGAIN TOMORROW, THEODORE?
THIS MORNING COUSIN GUIZOT SEEMED TO THINK PARISIANS WOULD NEVER REVOLT IN WINTER ON ACCOUNT OF THE RAIN... BUT WHO CAN TELL WHAT SECRETS THE CLOUDS MAY HIDE?
IT IS AWFULLY LATE, SIR, YOU SHOULD SLEEP...
...WHY, YOUR HAND, SIR!
YES, YES, I'M AWARE! IT'S STILL BLEEDING...

THIS IS A NASTY WOUND, SIR. IT'S COMPLETELY INFECTED. WHY DIDN'T YOU GET IT TAKEN CARE OF EARLIER?
BECAUSE IT WILL NEVER HEAL, THEODORE. I KNOW THAT NOW.
OH COME NOW, SIR! DON'T BE SO CHILDISH! YOU JUST NEED A DOCTOR...
I DON'T THINK YOU GET IT! EVEN IF THIS WOUND HEALED I WOULD GOUGE IT OPEN JUST SO IT WOULD BLEED AGAIN!!
...MY LIFE LINE WAS SHORTER THAN HERS, SO JULIE CUT IT DOWN, AND I'LL CUT IT DOWN EVEN MORE!!...
...IF WE MUST DIE TOGETHER...
DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK, YOU OLD PRUNE! I SWORE IT! A SAMBRE NEVER GOES BACK ON HIS WORD!!
...DID MY FATHER EVER GO BACK ON HIS?!?...
THIS IS A FIRST! SO YOU WON'T JUMP TO THE DEFENSE OF THE MEMORY OF OLD "MASTER HUGO"!?


MASTER HUGO ONCE SAID A GIRL WITH RED EYES WOULD BRING MISFORTUNE TO THE SAMBRES! IT'S AS HE WROTE!
WHAT WOULD HE KNOW? HE NEVER EVEN MET ONE!
THIS JULIE ALREADY HAS TWO VICTIMS: YOUR MOTHER AND THE PAINTER VALDIEU! WHAT MORE DO PROOF DO YOU NEED?
WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOUT YOU SENILE OLD GEEZER? HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN! HE COULDN'T HAVE!!...
...BECAUSE HE NEVER MET HER!! RIGHT!?!
I DON'T KNOW, SIR. ALL I DO KNOW IS THAT MASTER HUGO PREDICTED IT IN HIS BOOK, THE WAR OF EYES...
YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, THEODORE? IT WILL RAIN TOMORROW! BUT IT WON'T STOP WHAT'S IN MOTION! NOT EVEN THE REVOLUTION...

IT'S USELESS, SIR, YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING! NO LETTERS, AND NONE OF HIS WRITINGS...
SOMEONE SNUCK IN HERE BEFORE OUR ARRIVAL, RUMMAGED THROUGH EVERYTHING, AND LEFT BEHIND ONLY ASHES. THAT SOMEONE WOULD BE THE YOUNG JULIE, NO DOUBT...
WHY WOULD IT BE JULIE? MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHAT DID SHE DISCOVER THAT WAS SO TERRIBLE THAT SHE HAD TO BURN IT? ARE YOU GOING TO ANSWER ME??
COME TO YOUR SENSES, HOW WOULD I KNOW?
YOU DIRTY HYPOCRITE! WHEN MY FATHER WAS ALIVE, YOU RUMMAGED THROUGH HIS THINGS TO WRITE THOSE REPORTS TO MY MOTHER...
MIGHT I ASK WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO, SIR?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, MY DEAR THEODORE? I'M GOING TO BURN THESE BOOKS. AND AFTER THESE I'LL GET TO WORK ON THE REST OF THE LIBRARY.
AND AFTER THAT, WHY NOT THIS PORTRAIT OF CORPSES? DIDN'T I ASK YOU TO TAKE THIS DOWN?
BUT WHY, SIR? WHY? YOUR FATHER KEPT SO MANY BOOKS...
IF I ASKED YOU I'M SURE YOU'D SAY: "IT'S ALL JULIE'S FAULT! EVERYTHING BAD THAT HAPPENS IS BECAUSE OF JULIE AND HER CURSED RED EYES!"...


I'LL DO AS HE WOULD HAVE WANTED; I'LL BURN IT ALL! BURN THIS DAMNED WAR OF EYES THAT NOBODY READ, THAT MAY HAVE NEVER EVEN EXISTED! AND SINCE I DON'T HAVE THE ORIGINAL, BURNING THE BOOKS THAT INSPIRED IT WILL HAVE TO DO!...
... BLUE EYES, BLACK EYES, OR RED EYES, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? WHO COULD BELIEVE A PERSON'S DESTINY IS DEFINED BY EYE COLOR?... ONLY A MADMAN WHOSE LIFE WAS CONSUMED IN A WAR OF HIS OWN CREATION...
...BLUE OR GRAY, RED OR BLACK, WE ALL HAVE BUT ONE PATH IN LIFE, A PATH THAT LEADS TO DEATH...
SIR, PLEASE... YOU'RE NOT THINKING CLEARLY. YOU MUST SLEEP...
LOOK AT THIS PORTRAIT, THEODORE... MY YOUNG FATHER, AS YOU SAID, SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY... LOOK AT HIS SMILE...
I'VE NOT ONLY INHERITED HIS LOOKS, BUT HIS MADNESS AS WELL...
...AM I NOT TRULY MY FATHER'S SON?

SEEMS THE KING PLANS TO NAME BARROT AS THE NEW PRIME MINISTER TO APPEASE THE CITIZENS...
BARROT! AS IF A ROTTEN APPLE COULD SAVE AN OVERRIPE PEAR!
THE NATIONAL GUARD WILL NEVER FOLLOW HIM!
NO! THERE MUST BE CHANGE! TRUE CHANGE!
AND YOU, TELL ME, WHAT CHANGE ARE YOU DREAMING OF?
NONE! I'M AWAKE NOW..
YOU'RE QUITE BITTER... NO, DON'T SAY A WORD. I HAVE MY DOUBTS THAT IT WAS POLITICAL IDEALISM THAT LED YOU TO THE TOP OF THAT BARRICADE...
...I'VE KNOWN OTHERS, SERVANT GIRLS WHO GOT KNOCKED UP BY THEIR EMPLOYERS, WHO WOULD TURN TO SOCIALISM AS ESCAPISM, TO DREAM OF ANOTHER WORLD...
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, RODOLPHE? WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
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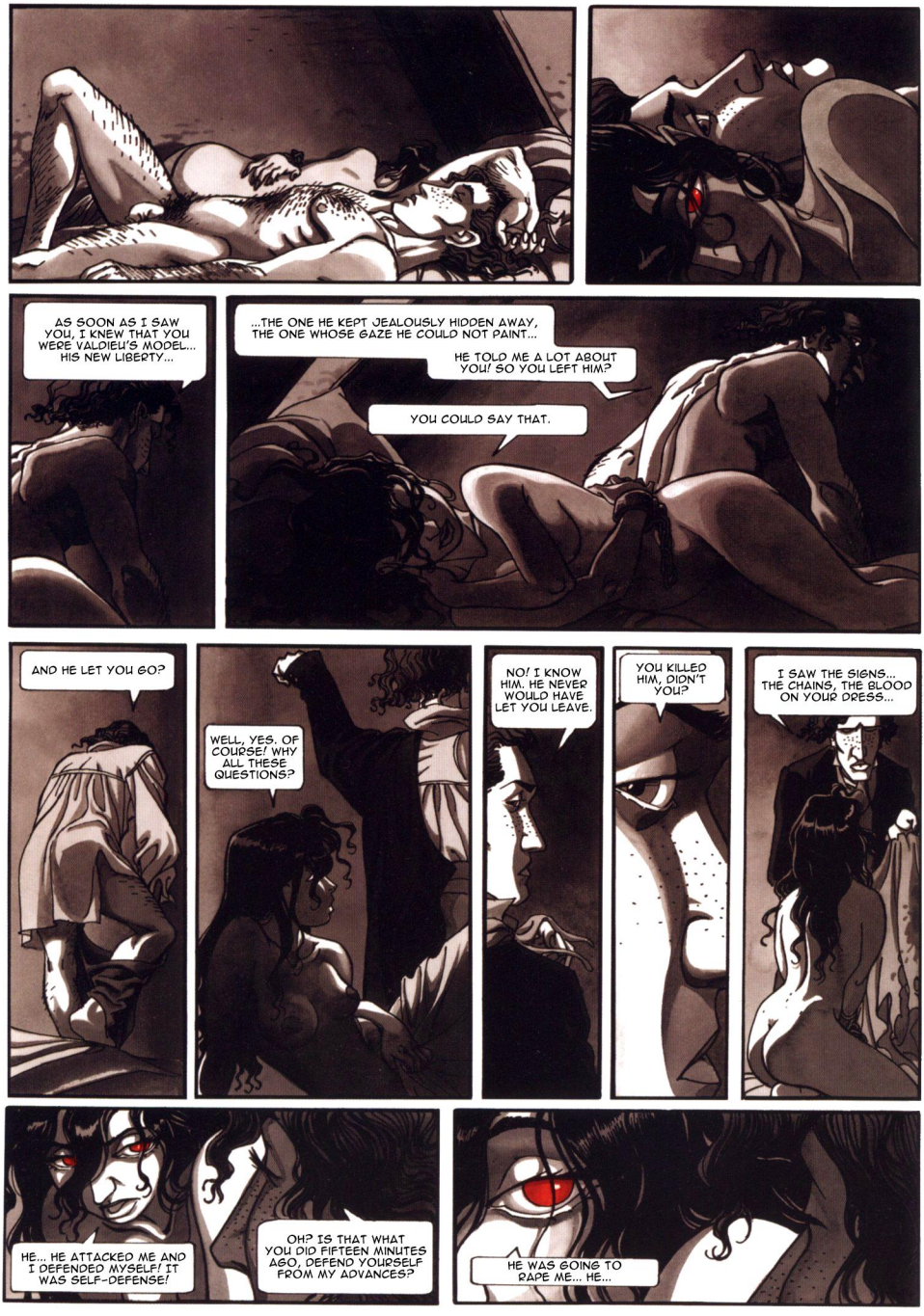
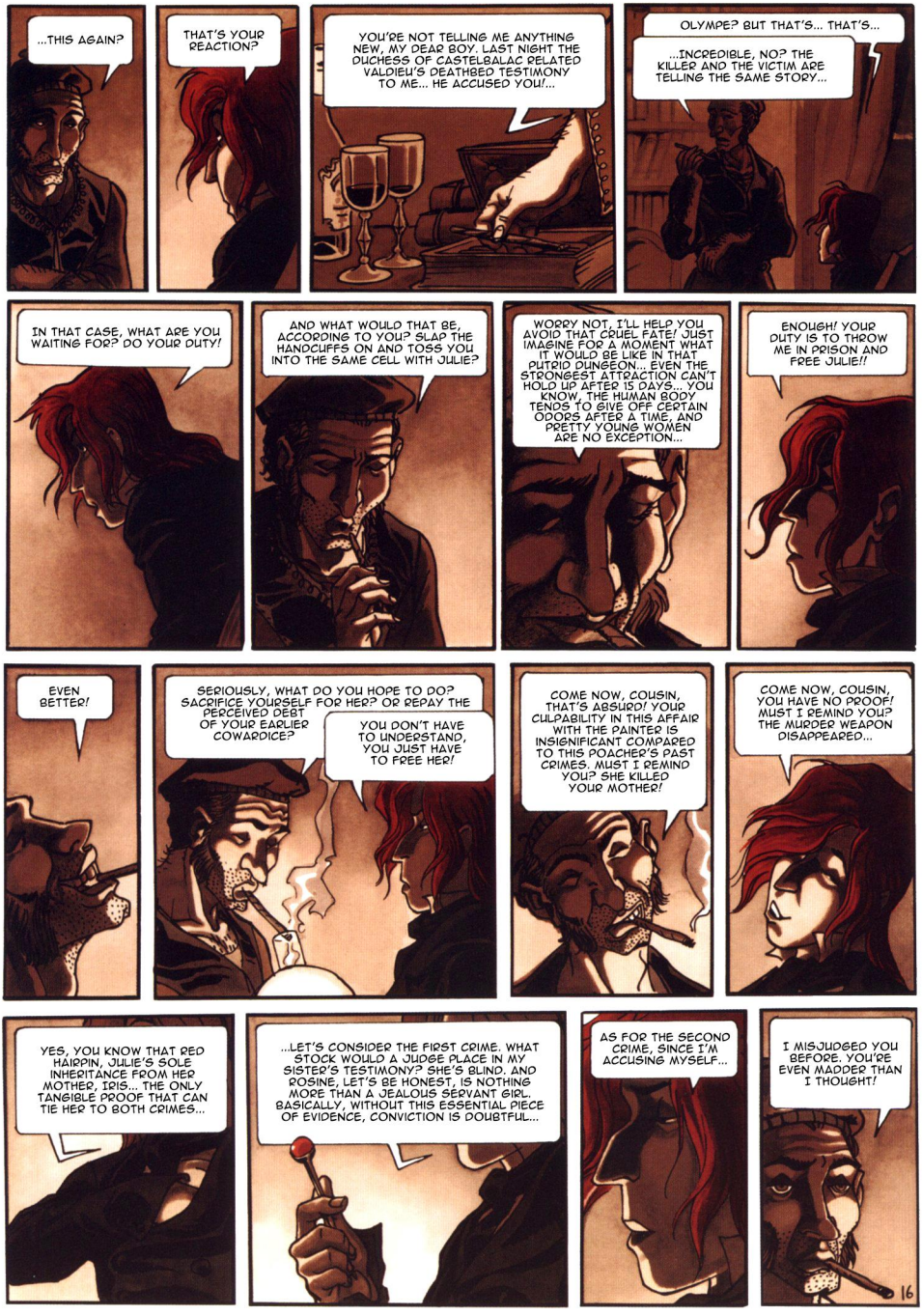
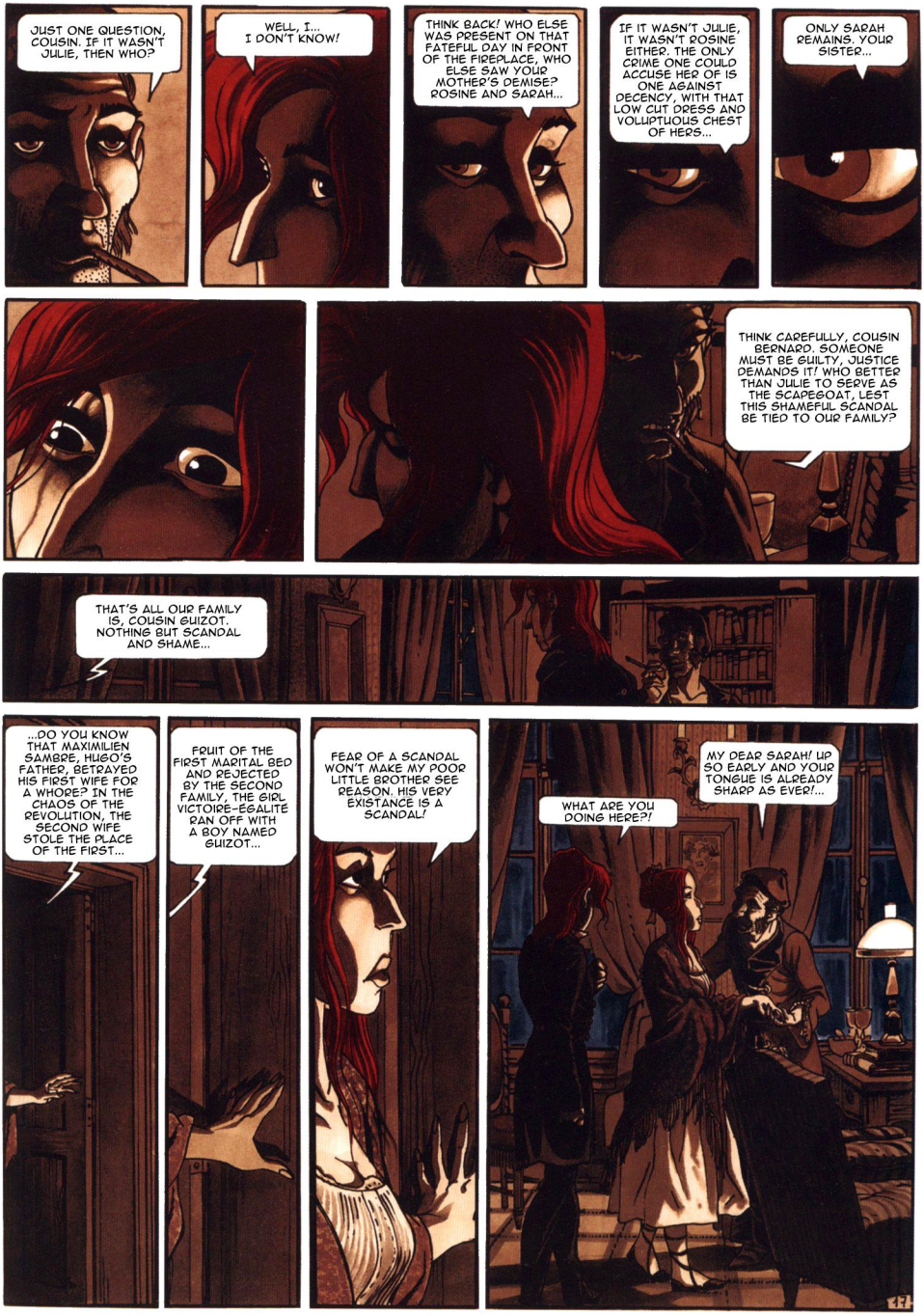
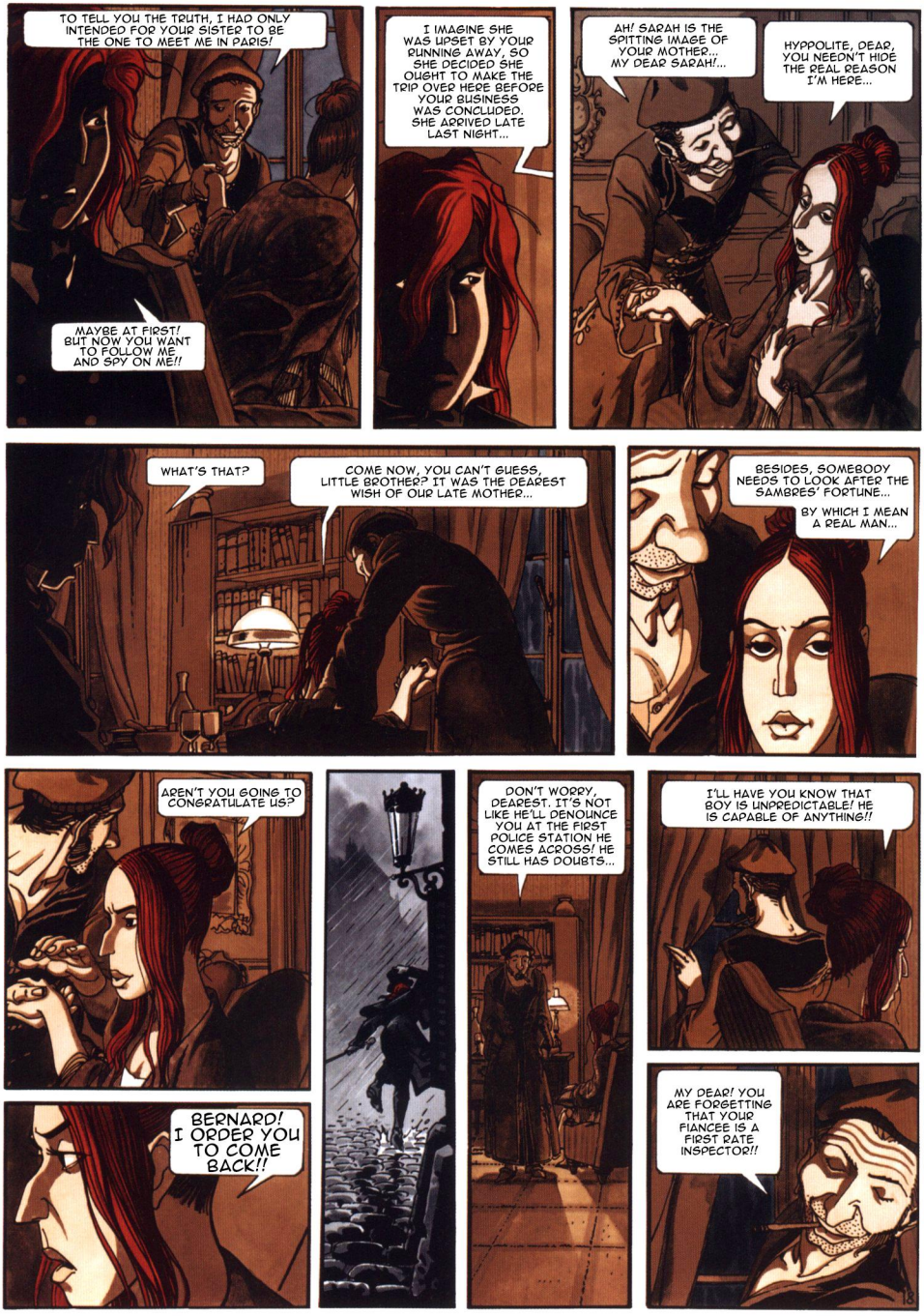
NEVERMIND. I LOVE YOUR DESPAIR, YOUR WRETCHEDNESS AND TRAGEDY. A WHOLE HOST OF SMALL MISERIES THAT LEAD TO GRAND REVOLUTIONS...
AND HIM, HOW IS HE DOING?
DON'T TOUCH ME!!
REALLY, YOU WEREN'T IN ANY GREAT DANGER...
THERE IS AN ARAB PROVERB THAT SAYS: IT IS NOT THE BULLET THAT KILLS, BUT DESTINY... AND YOURS IS TO EMBODY LIBERTY, ISN'T IT?
WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THIS?
SYMBOLS NEVER DIE, RIGHT? RIGHT??
THEY DON'T...
SO SWEAR TO ME THAT YOU'LL NEVER DIE!
SWEAR TO ME!!
MY POOR RODOLPHE, YOU'RE MADDER THAN EVEN VALDIEU!
NO! DON'T ...


AS SOON AS I SAW YOU, I KNEW THAT YOU WERE VALDIEU'S MODEL... HIS NEW LIBERTY...
...THE ONE HE KEPT JEALOUSLY HIDDEN AWAY, THE ONE WHOSE GAZE HE COULD NOT PAINT...
HE TOLD ME A LOT ABOUT YOU! SO YOU LEFT HIM?
YOU COULD SAY THAT.
AND HE LET YOU GO?
WELL, YES. OF COURSE! WHY ALL THESE QUESTIONS?
NO! I KNOW HIM. HE NEVER WOULD HAVE LET YOU LEAVE.
YOU KILLED HIM, DIDN'T YOU?
I SAW THE SIGNS... THE CHAINS, THE BLOOD ON YOUR DRESS...
HE... HE ATTACKED ME AND I DEFENDED MYSELF! IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE!
OH? IS THAT WHAT YOU DID FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO, DEFEND YOURSELF FROM MY ADVANCES?
HE WAS GOING TO RAPE ME... HE...

WELL, IT'S NOT SURPRISING. THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VALDIEU AND ME. VALDIEU WAS ALWAYS USELESS WITH WOMEN!...
YOU FEAR ME NOW...
NO. YOU FEAR ME, YOU FEAR THAT I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO THE POLICE. BUT A DEAL'S A DEAL, AND I NEED YOU.
IN THE EYES OF MY MEN YOU ARE ALREADY PRACTICALLY A LEGEND. SO LONG AS THAT REMAINS TRUE, YOU WILL GUARANTEE THEIR FERVOR IN COMBAT, AND I WILL PROMISE SAFETY FOR YOU AND YOUR CHILD...
...WHICH I AM WILLING TO RESCIND IF NECESSARY...
...FOR LIBERTY CANNOT DIE! NOT TODAY, AT LEAST...
LOOK WHO IT IS! DO YOU EVER SLEEP?!
I HAD TO COME! COUSIN GUIZOT, I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE...
AT THIS HOUR? REALLY?...
ORDINARILY ONLY THE GUILTY HAVE A NEED TO CONFESS...
IT WOULD SEEM, COUSIN, OR SHOULD I SAY INSPECTOR? ...I'VE LIED TO YOU!
IT... IT WAS ME! I KILLED THE PAINTER VALDIEU!

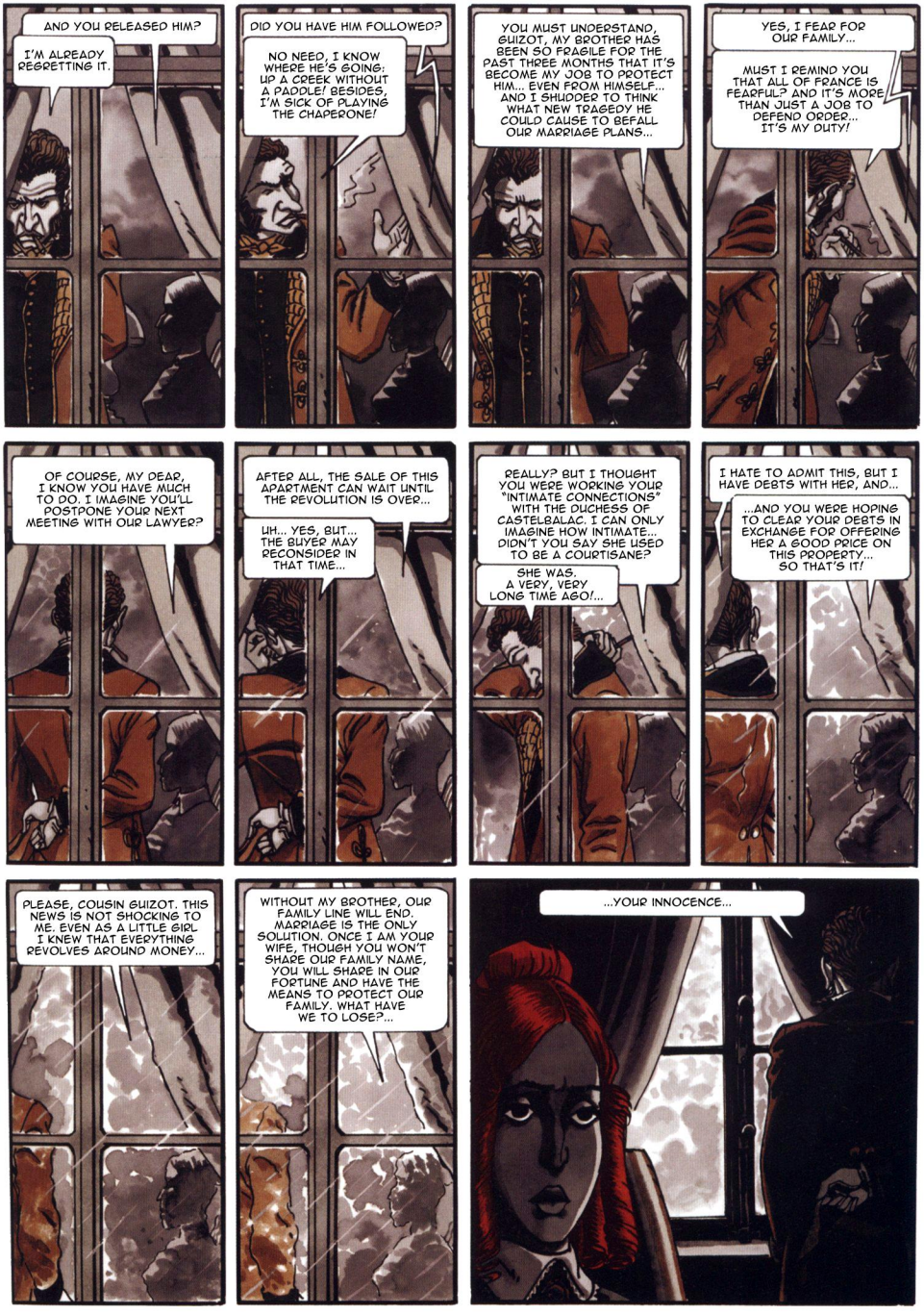

...THIS AGAIN?
THAT'S YOUR REACTION?
YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME ANYTHING NEW, MY DEAR BOY. LAST NIGHT THE DUCHESS OF CASTELBALAC RELATED VALDIEU'S DEATHBED TESTIMONY TO ME... HE ACCUSED YOU!...
OLYMPE? BUT THAT'S... THAT'S...
...INCREDIBLE, NO? THE KILLER AND THE VICTIM ARE TELLING THE SAME STORY...
IN THAT CASE, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? DO YOUR DUTY!
AND WHAT WOULD THAT BE, ACCORDING TO YOU? SLAP THE HANDCUFFS ON AND TOSS YOU INTO THE SAME CELL WITH JULIE?
WORRY NOT, I'LL HELP YOU AVOID THAT CRUEL FATE! JUST IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IN THAT PUTRID DUNGEON... EVEN THE STRONGEST ATTRACTION CAN'T HOLD UP AFTER 15 DAYS... YOU KNOW, THE HUMAN BODY TENDS TO GIVE OFF CERTAIN ODORS AFTER A TIME, AND PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN ARE NO EXCEPTION...
ENOUGH! YOUR DUTY IS TO THROW ME IN PRISON AND FREE JULIE!!
EVEN BETTER!
SERIOUSLY, WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO DO? SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR HER? OR REPAY THE PERCEIVED DEBT OF YOUR EARLIER COWARDICE?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, YOU JUST HAVE TO FREE HER!
COME NOW, COUSIN, THAT'S ABSURD! YOUR CULPABILITY IN THIS AFFAIR WITH THE PAINTER IS INSIGNIFICANT COMPARED TO THIS POACHER'S PAST CRIMES. MUST I REMIND YOU? SHE KILLED YOUR MOTHER!
COME NOW, COUSIN, YOU HAVE NO PROOF! MUST I REMIND YOU? THE MURDER WEAPON DISAPPEARED...
YES, YOU KNOW THAT RED HAIRPIN, JULIE'S SOLE INHERITANCE FROM HER MOTHER, IRIS... THE ONLY TANGIBLE PROOF THAT CAN TIE HER TO BOTH CRIMES...
...LET'S CONSIDER THE FIRST CRIME. WHAT STOCK WOULD A JUDGE PLACE IN MY SISTER'S TESTIMONY? SHE'S BLIND. AND ROSINE, LET'S BE HONEST, IS NOTHING MORE THAN A JEALOUS SERVANT GIRL. BASICALLY, WITHOUT THIS ESSENTIAL PIECE OF EVIDENCE, CONVICTION IS DOUBTFUL...
AS FOR THE SECOND CRIME, SINCE I'M ACCUSING MYSELF...
I MISJUDGED YOU BEFORE. YOU'RE EVEN MADDER THAN I THOUGHT!


JUST ONE QUESTION, COUSIN. IF IT WASN'T JULIE, THEN WHO?
WELL, I... I DON'T KNOW!
THINK BACK! WHO ELSE WAS PRESENT ON THAT FATEFUL DAY IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE, WHO ELSE SAW YOUR MOTHER'S DEMISE? ROSINE AND SARAH...
IF IT WASN'T JULIE, IT WASN'T ROSINE EITHER. THE ONLY CRIME ONE COULD ACCUSE HER OF IS ONE AGAINST DECENCY, WITH THAT LOW CUT DRESS AND VOLUPTUOUS CHEST OF HERS...
ONLY SARAH REMAINS. YOUR SISTER...
THINK CAREFULLY, COUSIN BERNARD. SOMEONE MUST BE GUILTY. JUSTICE DEMANDS IT! WHO BETTER THAN JULIE TO SERVE AS THE SCAPEGOAT, LEST THIS SHAMEFUL SCANDAL BE TIED TO OUR FAMILY?
THAT'S ALL OUR FAMILY IS, COUSIN GUIZOT. NOTHING BUT SCANDAL AND SHAME...
...DO YOU KNOW THAT MAXIMILIEN SAMBRE, HUGO'S FATHER, BETRAYED HIS FIRST WIFE FOR A WHORE? IN THE CHAOS OF THE REVOLUTION, THE SECOND WIFE STOLE THE PLACE OF THE FIRST...
FRUIT OF THE FIRST MARITAL BED AND REJECTED BY THE SECOND FAMILY, THE GIRL VICTOIRE-ÉGALITÉ RAN OFF WITH A BOY NAMED GUIZOT...
FEAR OF A SCANDAL WON'T MAKE MY POOR LITTLE BROTHER SEE REASON. HIS VERY EXISTANCE IS A SCANDAL!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
MY DEAR SARAH! UP SO EARLY AND YOUR TONGUE IS ALREADY SHARP AS EVER!...


TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I HAD ONLY INTENDED FOR YOUR SISTER TO BE THE ONE TO MEET ME IN PARIS!
MAYBE AT FIRST! BUT NOW YOU WANT TO FOLLOW ME AND SPY ON ME!!
I IMAGINE SHE WAS UPSET BY YOUR RUNNING AWAY, SO SHE DECIDED SHE OUGHT TO MAKE THE TRIP OVER HERE BEFORE YOUR BUSINESS WAS CONCLUDED. SHE ARRIVED LATE LAST NIGHT...
AH! SARAH IS THE SPITTING IMAGE OF YOUR MOTHER... MY DEAR SARAH!...
HYPPOLITE, DEAR, YOU NEEDN'T HIDE THE REAL REASON I'M HERE...
WHAT'S THAT?
COME NOW, YOU CAN'T GUESS, LITTLE BROTHER? IT WAS THE DEAREST WISH OF OUR LATE MOTHER...
BESIDES, SOMEBODY NEEDS TO LOOK AFTER THE SAMBRES' FORTUNE...
BY WHICH I MEAN A REAL MAN...
AREN'T YOU GOING TO CONGRATULATE US?
BERNARD! I ORDER YOU TO COME BACK!!
DON'T WORRY, DEAREST. IT'S NOT LIKE HE'LL DENOUNCE YOU AT THE FIRST POLICE STATION HE COMES ACROSS! HE STILL HAS DOUBTS...
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT BOY IS UNPREDICTABLE! HE IS CAPABLE OF ANYTHING!!
MY DEAR! YOU ARE FORGETTING THAT YOUR FIANCEE IS A FIRST RATE INSPECTOR!!

...VERY QUIET, INSPECTOR. HASN'T SAID A WORD!
GOOD. LEAVE US ALONE, OFFICER!
I'LL BE FRANK, COUSIN. I NEVER WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED YOU WOULD JUST DASH INTO THE FIRST POLICE STATION YOU CAME ACROSS AND CONFESS EVERYTHING OUTRIGHT!
I'M EVEN A LITTLE IMPRESSED. WHERE DID THIS ABSURD IDEA TO CONFESS TO ALL THESE CRIMES COME FROM?...
...AND THE MURDER OF YOUR MOTHER AS WELL!? IS THIS SOME SORT OF THREAT?
YOU READ THE DEPOSITION. THE TRIBUNAL WILL DECIDE MY FATE AND PARDON JULIE.
THIS IS AN OBSESSION!
THE ONLY THING I'M OBSESSED WITH IS GUILT. THE GUILT OF MY OWN BLOOD. BUT YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT. CAN YOU NOT FEEL THE SHAME?
YOU'RE WRONG. EVERY BASTARD FEELS THE SHAME CARRIED BY HIS NAME...
I WILL TELL YOU WHY JULIE KILLED MADAME SAMBRE, COUSIN, AND WHY SHE WANTED TO TAKE VENGEANCE AGAINST YOUR FAMILY...

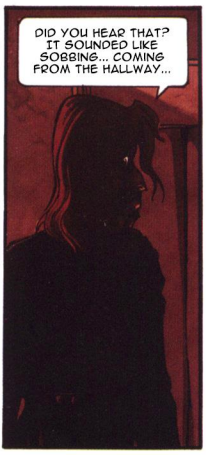
BE HONEST, WERE YOU EVER UNDER THE SUSPICION THAT YOUR FATHER MIGHT BE HAVING AN AFFAIR IN PARIS?
NEVER! ONLY THE MIND OF A DEGENERATE WOULD COME UP WITH SUCH IDEAS!
YOU THINK SO, EH?... IRIS' HAIRPIN, IN THE HAND OF HER DAUGHTER, PLUNGED INTO THE HEART OF YOUR MOTHER... SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE SETTLING A SCORE, DOESN'T IT? A MISTRESS SPURNED, POSTHUMOUS VENGEANCE... IT'S SO COMMON, IT'S PRACTICALLY A CLICHÉ...
I BELIEVE YOUR FATHER WROTE A THEORY ON THE SUBJECT...
I WOULDN'T KNOW! I NEVER READ IT!!
NOBODY DID! ALL ONE EVER HEARD WAS A FEW SNIPPETS HIDDEN IN HIS CONVERSATIONS. BUT WAS THIS NOT THE THEME OF THAT BOOK HE NEVER COMPLETED? THIS WAR OF EYES BETWEEN THE CLANS THAT RESURFACED FROM ONE GENERATION TO THE NEXT UNTIL AN ENTIRE FAMILY LINE WAS ELIMINATED...
...AND IF THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO IT, THE END OF THE SAMBRES IS NEAR, SINCE YOU ARE THE LAST...
...AND YOU'D SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO SAVE THE RED-EYED HARBINGER OF YOUR DOOM!...
YOU TOO! YOU BELIEVE IN THOSE DELUSIONS AS WELL!?
GO ASK THE VICAR, HE'LL TELL YOU IF IT'S ALL A DELUSION...
FINE, SO BE IT! I SUBMIT TO MY DESTINY, I'LL BE THE LAST! IT'S ALREADY DECIDED, MY CONFESSION WILL SEND ME TO THE GALLOWS REGARDLESS!!
WHAT CONFESSION?...
I WON'T LET YOU! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT! NO RIGHT!!
HONESTLY, YOU DIDN'T THINK YOUR FAMILY WOULD JUST STAND BY AND LET YOU SACRIFICE YOURSELF?
MY FAMILY!? A WORTHLESS BASTARD IS NOT A PART OF MY FAMILY! SAY THAT WORD AGAIN AND I'LL KILL YOU!!
KILL ME? I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY! IF YOUR PAST ACTIONS ARE ANY INDICATION, THE THOUGHT OF DEATH MAKES YOU COWER IN FEAR!!
WARDEN!! GET THIS DELINQUENT OUT OF HERE!!

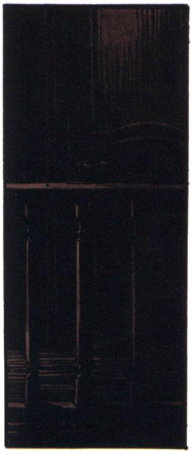

AND YOU RELEASED HIM?
I'M ALREADY REGRETTING IT.
DID YOU HAVE HIM FOLLOWED?
NO NEED, I KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING: UP A CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE! BESIDES, I'M SICK OF PLAYING THE CHAPERONE!
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, GUIZOT, MY BROTHER HAS BEEN SO FRAGILE FOR THE PAST THREE MONTHS THAT IT'S BECOME MY JOB TO PROTECT HIM... EVEN FROM HIMSELF... AND I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT NEW TRAGEDY HE COULD CAUSE TO BEFALL OUR MARRIAGE PLANS...
YES, I FEAR FOR OUR FAMILY...
MUST I REMIND YOU THAT ALL OF FRANCE IS FEARFUL? AND IT'S MORE THAN JUST A JOB TO DEFEND ORDER... IT'S MY DUTY!
OF COURSE, MY DEAR, I KNOW YOU HAVE MUCH TO DO. I IMAGINE YOU'LL POSTPONE YOUR NEXT MEETING WITH OUR LAWYER?
AFTER ALL, THE SALE OF THIS APARTMENT CAN WAIT UNTIL THE REVOLUTION IS OVER...
UH... YES, BUT... THE BUYER MAY RECONSIDER IN THAT TIME...
REALLY? BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKING YOUR "INTIMATE CONNECTIONS" WITH THE DUCHESS OF CASTELBALAC. I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW INTIMATE... DIDN'T YOU SAY SHE USED TO BE A COURTISANE?
SHE WAS. A VERY, VERY LONG TIME AGO!...
I HATE TO ADMIT THIS, BUT I HAVE DEBTS WITH HER, AND...
...AND YOU WERE HOPING TO CLEAR YOUR DEBTS IN EXCHANGE FOR OFFERING HER A GOOD PRICE ON THIS PROPERTY... SO THAT'S IT!
PLEASE, COUSIN GUIZOT. THIS NEWS IS NOT SHOCKING TO ME. EVEN AS A LITTLE GIRL I KNEW THAT EVERYTHING REVOLVES AROUND MONEY...
WITHOUT MY BROTHER, OUR FAMILY LINE WILL END. MARRIAGE IS THE ONLY SOLUTION. ONCE I AM YOUR WIFE, THOUGH YOU WON'T SHARE OUR FAMILY NAME, YOU WILL SHARE IN OUR FORTUNE AND HAVE THE MEANS TO PROTECT OUR FAMILY. WHAT HAVE WE TO LOSE?...
...YOUR INNOCENCE...

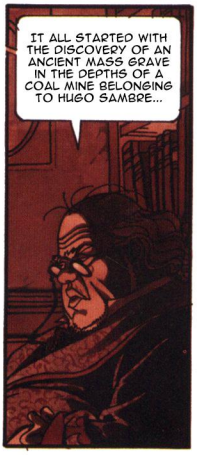
YOU FATHER KEPT COMING BACK TOO...
...SEARCHING IN HER EYES FOR SOMETHING THE MIND CANNOT COMPREHEND...
...SHE DOESN'T LOVE YOU, I TOLD HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN, THERE IS NO LOVE IN YOUR TIRELESS QUEST FOR THIS WOMAN'S FLESH, NO LOVE IN YOUR CONQUERED SOUL...
I HEAR YOU WHISPERING! SHOW YOURSELF, VICAR!

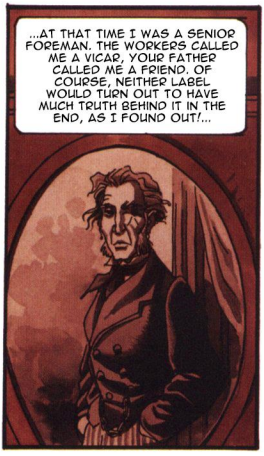
WERE YOU TALKING ABOUT IRIS?
IRIS? THE NAME OF A WHORE. I DO NOT KNOW ANY IRIS!
OH REALLY? MAYBE YOU'LL RECOGNIZE THIS INSTEAD?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT TO KNOW THE ORIGIN OF THIS HAIRPIN! YOU DEAL IN ANTIQUES, RIGHT?
YOU WANT TO SELL IT?
ANSWER ME, YOU LITTLE HYPOCRITE! WHAT DO YOU WANT? MY WIFE'S NAME WAS HELENE!...
...DO YOU HEAR ME? HELENE SAINTANGE! I DON'T KNOW ANY IRIS!!
LET ME GO!!
...LET ME GO!...
I... I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM, I SWEAR...

YOU KNEW MY FATHER WELL. I BEG OF YOU, TELL ME ABOUT HIM AND HIS DAMNED BOOK! I JUST WANT TO UNDERSTAND...
UNDERSTAND WHAT? THROUGH WHAT STROKE OF FATE THE VILE HORACE SAINTANGE AND THE NOBLE HUGO SAMBRE COULD CARRY THE SAME INITIALS? HOW I WISHED I WERE HIM?...
...HOW I COULD HAVE GIVEN HIM EVERYTHING, WHEN HE TOOK EVERYTHING FROM ME? THAT'S ONE THING THAT HUGO NEVER WROTE ABOUT!!
...BESIDES, THE WAR OF EYES, THAT WAS MY BATTLE! IT WAS MY LIFE!!...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU INSPIRED HIS WORK?
...THE WAR OF EYES? I DICTATED IT TO HIM! THAT'S WHY HUGO COULD NEVER FINISH IT AFTER HE CUT CONTACT WITH ME!
AND THAT'S WHY HE KILLED HIMSELF? BECAUSE HE COULDN'T FINISH HIS BOOK?...
THE WAR OF EYES IS NOT A BOOK, IT'S REALITY: A REALITY THAT KILLED HIM!

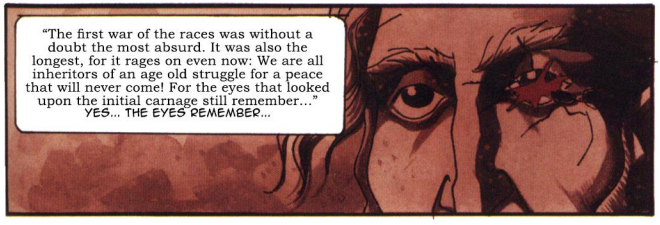

DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE SOBBING... COMING FROM THE HALLWAY...



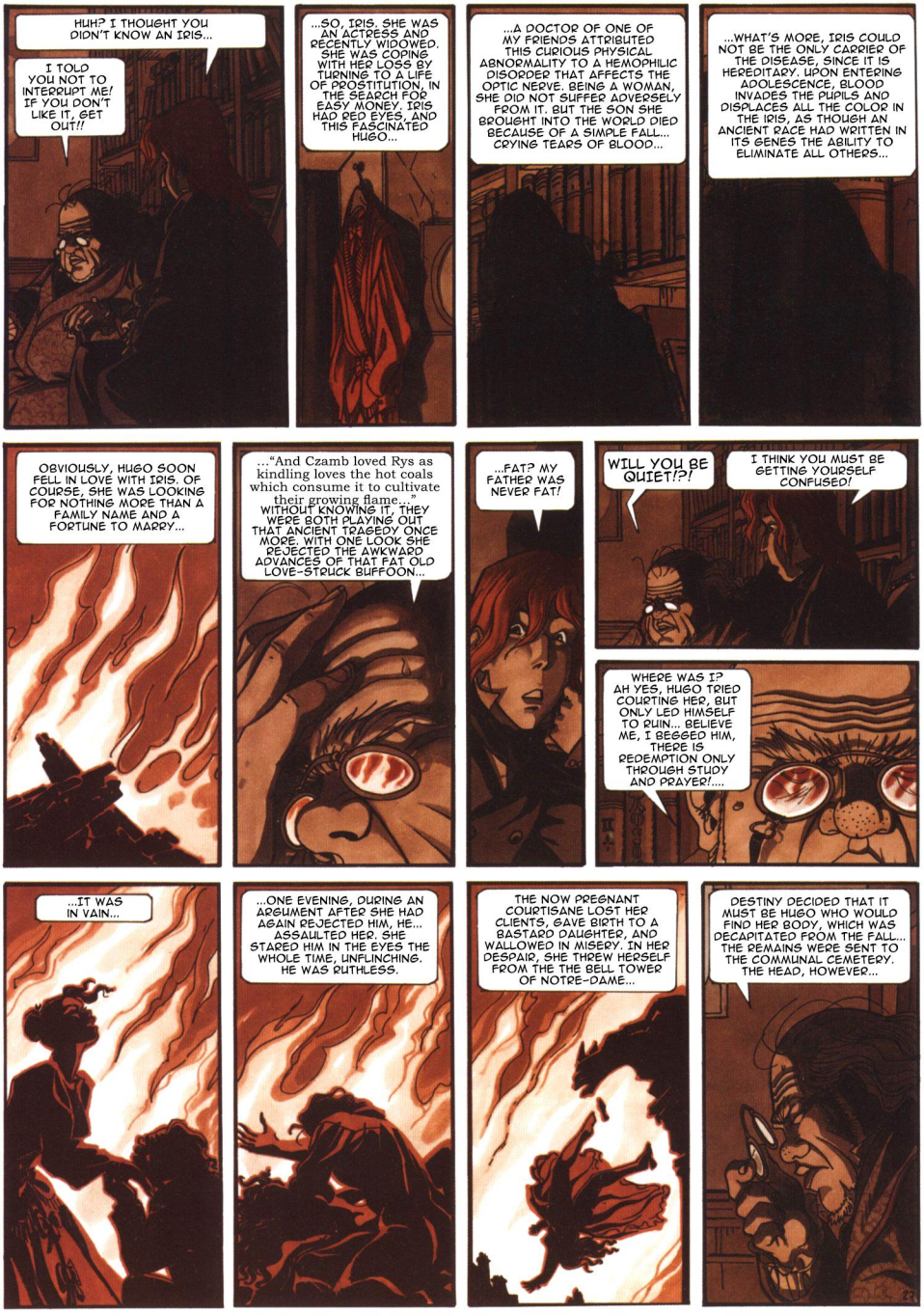

IT ALL STARTED WITH THE DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT MASS GRAVE IN THE DEPTHS OF A COAL MINE BELONGING TO HUGO SAMBRE...

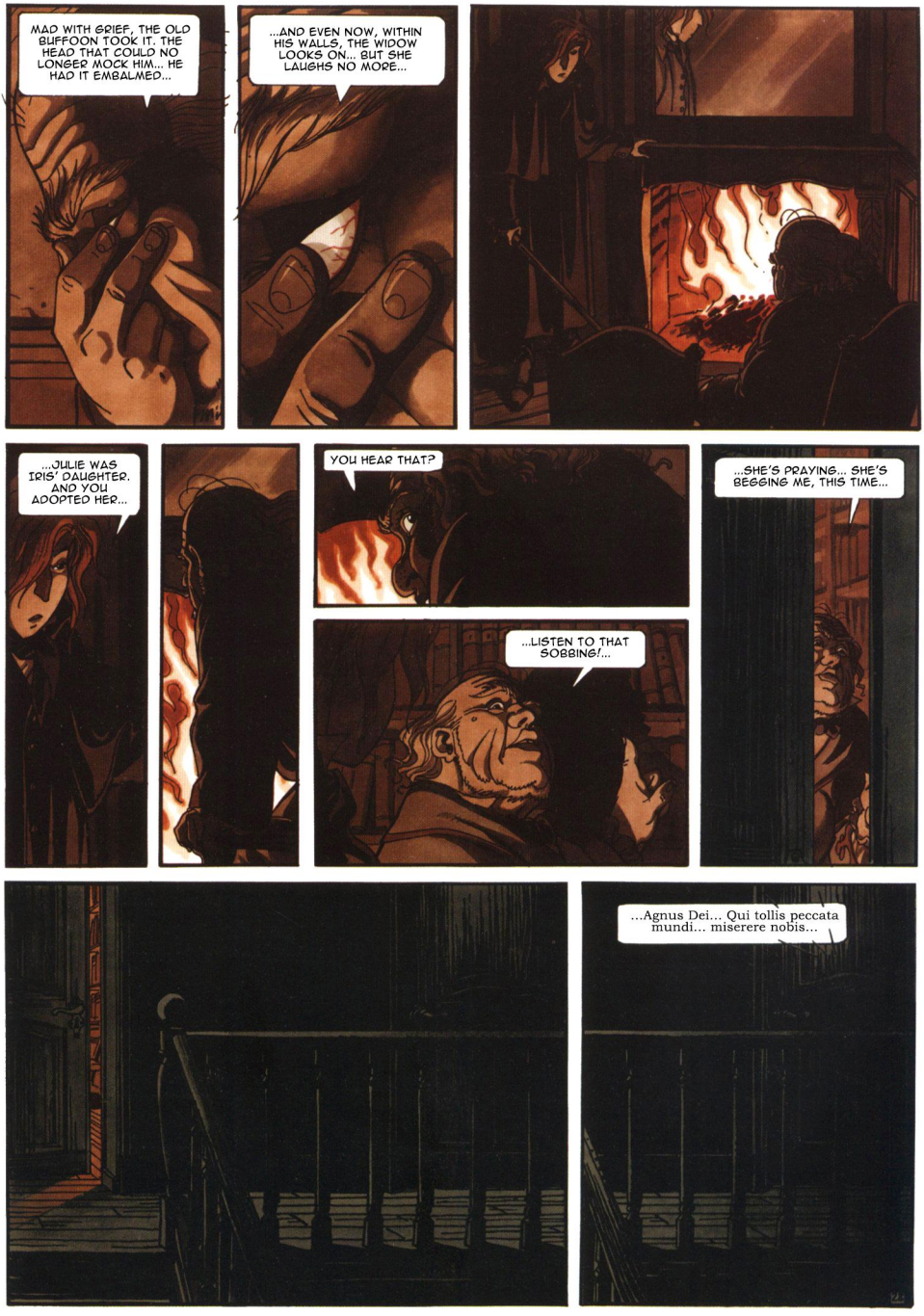

...AT THAT TIME I WAS A SENIOR FOREMAN. THE WORKERS CALLED ME A VICAR, YOUR FATHER CALLED ME A FRIEND. OF COURSE, NEITHER LABEL WOULD TURN OUT TO HAVE MUCH TRUTH BEHIND IT IN THE END, AS I FOUND OUT!...

...THERE WAS THIS BOOK, AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL ESSAY THAT HE WANTED TO WRITE... AND THEN WE FOUND THE THOUSANDS OF SKULLS... DUG THEM UP... DESECRATED THEM...

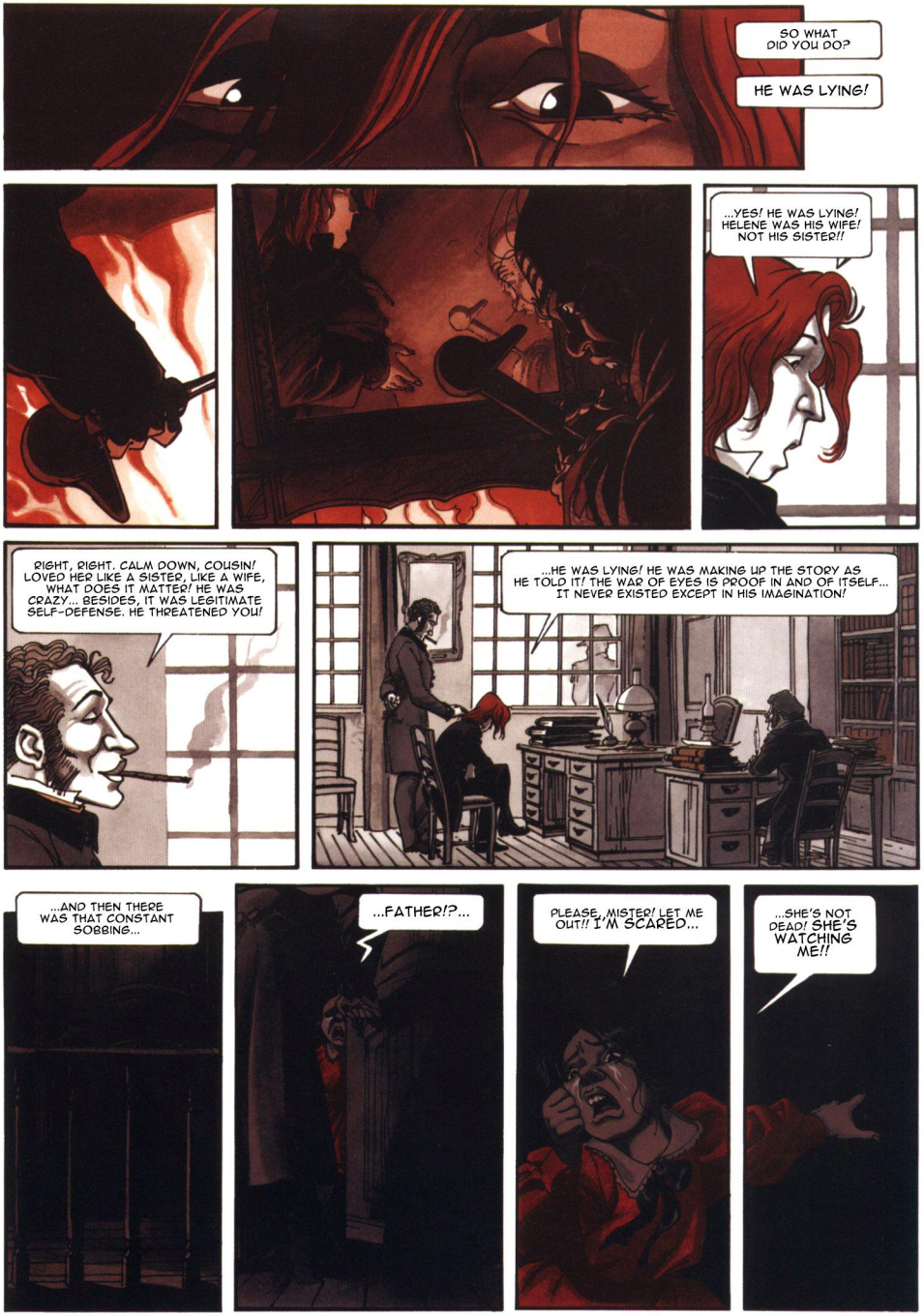

"The first war of the races was without a doubt the most absurd. It was also the longest, for it rages on even now: We are all inheritors of an age old struggle for a peace that will never come! For the eyes that looked upon the initial carnage still remember..."
YES... THE EYES REMEMBER...

...AND IRIS' EYES HAD MEMORIES ONLY OF HATE...

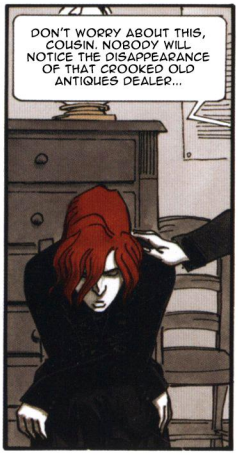

HUH? I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T KNOW AN IRIS...
I TOLD YOU NOT TO INTERRUPT ME! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, GET OUT!!
...SO, IRIS. SHE WAS AN ACTRESS AND RECENTLY WIDOWED. SHE WAS COPING WITH HER LOSS BY TURNING TO A LIFE OF PROSTITUTION, IN THE SEARCH FOR EASY MONEY. IRIS HAD RED EYES, AND THIS FASCINATED HUGO...
...A DOCTOR OF ONE OF MY FRIENDS ATTRIBUTED THIS CURIOUS PHYSICAL ABNORMALITY TO A HEMOPHILIC DISORDER THAT AFFECTS THE OPTIC NERVE. BEING A WOMAN, SHE DID NOT SUFFER ADVERSELY FROM IT. BUT THE SON SHE BROUGHT INTO THE WORLD DIED BECAUSE OF A SIMPLE FALL... CRYING TEARS OF BLOOD...
...WHAT'S MORE, IRIS COULD NOT BE THE ONLY CARRIER OF THE DISEASE, SINCE IT IS HEREDITARY. UPON ENTERING ADOLESCENCE, BLOOD INVADES THE PUPILS AND DISPLACES ALL THE COLOR IN THE IRIS, AS THOUGH AN ANCIENT RACE HAD WRITTEN IN ITS GENES THE ABILITY TO ELIMINATE ALL OTHERS...
OBVIOUSLY, HUGO SOON FELL IN LOVE WITH IRIS. OF COURSE, SHE WAS LOOKING FOR NOTHING MORE THAN A FAMILY NAME AND A FORTUNE TO MARRY...
...“And Czamb loved Rys as kindling loves the hot coals which consume it to cultivate their growing flame...” WITHOUT KNOWING IT, THEY WERE BOTH PLAYING OUT THAT ANCIENT TRAGEDY ONCE MORE. WITH ONE LOOK SHE REJECTED THE AWKWARD ADVANCES OF THAT FAT OLD LOVE-STRUCK BUFFOON...
...FAT? MY FATHER WAS NEVER FAT!
WILL YOU BE QUIET!?!
I THINK YOU MUST BE GETTING YOURSELF CONFUSED!
WHERE WAS I? AH YES, HUGO TRIED COURTING HER, BUT ONLY LED HIMSELF TO RUIN... BELIEVE ME, I BEGGED HIM, THERE IS REDEMPTION ONLY THROUGH STUDY AND PRAYER!...
...IT WAS IN VAIN...
...ONE EVENING, DURING AN ARGUMENT AFTER SHE HAD AGAIN REJECTED HIM, HE... ASSAULTED HER. SHE STARED HIM IN THE EYES THE WHOLE TIME, UNFLINCHING. HE WAS RUTHLESS.
THE NOW PREGNANT COURTISANE LOST HER CLIENTS, GAVE BIRTH TO A BASTARD DAUGHTER, AND WALLOWED IN MISERY. IN HER DESPAIR, SHE THREW HERSELF FROM THE THE BELL TOWER OF NOTRE-DAME...
DESTINY DECIDED THAT IT MUST BE HUGO WHO WOULD FIND HER BODY, WHICH WAS DECAPITATED FROM THE FALL... THE REMAINS WERE SENT TO THE COMMUNAL CEMETERY. THE HEAD, HOWEVER...

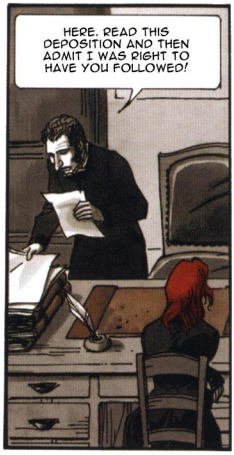

MAD WITH GRIEF, THE OLD BUFFOON TOOK IT. THE HEAD THAT COULD NO LONGER MOCK HIM... HE HAD IT EMBALMED...
...AND EVEN NOW, WITHIN HIS WALLS, THE WIDOW LOOKS ON... BUT SHE LAUGHS NO MORE...
...JULIE WAS IRIS' DAUGHTER. AND YOU ADOPTED HER...
YOU HEAR THAT?
...LISTEN TO THAT SOBBING!...
...SHE'S PRAYING... SHE'S BEGGING ME, THIS TIME...
...Agnus Dei... Qui tollis peccata mundi... miserere nobis...

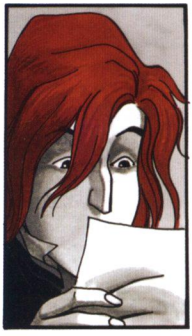
...FOR THERE IS NO SALVATION EXCEPT THROUGH PRAYER...
YOU!... IT WAS YOU...
WHAT'S THAT?
IT WAS YOU WHO WERE MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER... UNTIL YOU VIOLATED HER!...
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
...SO MAD THAT YOU WOULD ACCUSE MY FATHER OF YOUR OWN CRIME!!
DAMN YOU, SAMBRE! HOW DARE YOU? I NEVER KNEW AN IRIS!!
THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE, VICAR! BUT YOU'RE LYING!!
...HELENE WAS MY SISTER! HELENE WAS EVERYTHING TO ME! I WOULD NEVER TOUCH HER!!!
AND HER HEAD? WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE EMBALMED HEAD??
I TOLD YOU: THE WIDOW RESIDES WITHIN HIS WALLS!!
...IF I'M LYING, KILL ME!...
STAY BACK! OR I'LL...
...KILL ME...

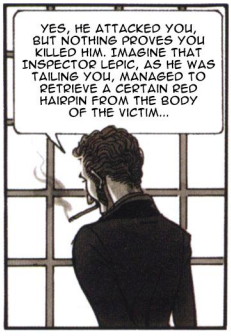

SO WHAT DID YOU DO?
HE WAS LYING!
...YES! HE WAS LYING! HELENE WAS HIS WIFE! NOT HIS SISTER!!
RIGHT, RIGHT. CALM DOWN, COUSIN! LOVED HER LIKE A SISTER, LIKE A WIFE, WHAT DOES IT MATTER! HE WAS CRAZY... BESIDES, IT WAS LEGITIMATE SELF-DEFENSE. HE THREATENED YOU!
...HE WAS LYING! HE WAS MAKING UP THE STORY AS HE TOLD IT! THE WAR OF EYES IS PROOF IN AND OF ITSELF... IT NEVER EXISTED EXCEPT IN HIS IMAGINATION!
...AND THEN THERE WAS THAT CONSTANT SOBBING...
...FATHER!?...
PLEASE, MISTER! LET ME OUT!! I'M SCARED...
...SHE'S NOT DEAD! SHE'S WATCHING ME!!

THERE WAS NOBODY IN THE WIDOW'S BEDROOM. JUST A LITTLE GIRL CALLING FOR HER FATHER BECAUSE SHE WAS AFRAID OF THE DARK...


DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS, COUSIN. NOBODY WILL NOTICE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THAT CROOKED OLD ANTIQUES DEALER...


HERE. READ THIS DEPOSITION AND THEN ADMIT I WAS RIGHT TO HAVE YOU FOLLOWED!




YES, HE ATTACKED YOU, BUT NOTHING PROVES YOU KILLED HIM. IMAGINE THAT INSPECTOR LEPIC, AS HE WAS TAILING YOU, MANAGED TO RETRIEVE A CERTAIN RED HAIRPIN FROM THE BODY OF THE VICTIM...

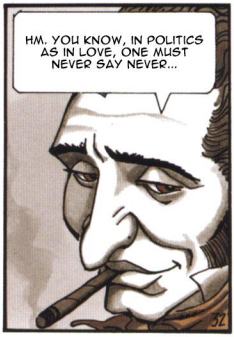
OF COURSE, WE BOTH KNOW THE WEAPON BELONGS TO A KNOWN REPEAT MURDERER, AND NOW IT WILL TIE HER TO A THIRD CRIME...

SIGN AT THE BOTTOM AND YOU ARE FREE.

YOU WANT ME TO ACCUSE JULIE OF THE MURDERS...

...OF YOUR MOTHER, THE PAINTER VALDIEU, AND THE VICAR, HORACE SAINTANGE. FOR THE SAMBRES, THAT WILL BE THE TRUTH. JULIE IS NOTHING BUT AN OUTSIDER!...

I'LL NEVER SIGN IT!!


HM. YOU KNOW, IN POLITICS AS IN LOVE, ONE MUST NEVER SAY NEVER...

I FEAR YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. MUST I REMIND YOU, YOU MADE A SUDDEN AND PROBLEMATIC CONFESSION THIS MORNING... DESPITE MY EFFORTS, THE OFFICES MANAGED TO RETAIN A COPY ...
...WITH THIS TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION, IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO MOUNT A CASE FOR YOUR DEFENSE! IT IS YOUR LIFE AT STAKE HERE!!
I REFUSE!!
GIVE ME THE HANDCUFFS! I'D RATHER DIE THAN SIGN OFF ON SUCH BETRAYAL!!
...EVEN IF I COULD FREE JULIE?...
IT FLIES IN THE FACE OF MY DUTY, MAYBE EVEN IN THE FACE OF JUSTICE, SINCE SHE IS GUILTY... BUT...
WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?
BECAUSE I'M A DEFENDER OF ORDER BEFORE JUSTICE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF THAT CRIMINAL IS RELEASED FOR A TIME, I'LL FIND HER AGAIN! BUT THE FAMILY! THE FAMILY MUST NOT SUFFER THE SLIGHTEST STAIN!!
IT'S YOUR CHOICE... JULIE'S FREEDOM, OR JUSTICE?

VERY WELL THEN, COUSIN, I WON'T KEEP YOU ANY LONGER!...
AND JULIE? YOU SEEM TO BE FORGETTING YOUR WORD AWFULLY QUICKLY!
NOT AT ALL! IF YOU WANT, YOU CAN WAIT FOR LITTLE JULIE RIGHT HERE!... ....LEPIC!
INSPECTOR?...
GO FETCH THAT POACHER GIRL... YOU TRANSFERRED HER TO MALDONETTES, RIGHT?
WELL, THAT'S RIGHT, INSPECTOR... BUT THE PRISON CARRIAGE NEVER ARRIVED. APPARENTLY IT WAS STOPPED BY SOME REVOLUTIONARIES WHO PROCEEDED TO FREE HER...
OH DAMN! WHAT A SHAME!
I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER, JULIE IS FREE REGARDLESS...
YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU KNEW!! YOU TRICKED ME!!
WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO GET OUT OF MY FACE? YOU'RE SLOBBERING ON THE UNIFORM OF AN OFFICER OF THE LAW!

HE SIGNED IT! HE SIGNED IT!
HIS MAJESTY, LOUIS-PHILIPPE, SIGNED AN ORDER OF DISMISSAL OF THE PRIME MINISTER AND HAS PLACED COUNT MOLE IN CHARGE OF THE FORMATION OF A NEW GOVERNMENT!...
MOLE! A 60-YEAR OLD MODERATE WHOSE ONLY NOTABLE QUALITY IS A TERRIBLE FEAR OF OFFENDING ANYONE!... IT'S OVER, THERE WILL BE NO REVOLUTION!...
...A FEW SMALL REFORMS AND NOTHING MORE. THEY WILL APPEASE MOST BUT CHANGE LITTLE!
THIS IS A VICTORY, RODOLPHE!
A MEAGER VICTORY!...
...THINGS ARE GOING BACK TO NORMAL... PEOPLE ARE GOING HOME...
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, BERNARD, GET IN! I'LL DRIVE YOU BACK...
WE'LL STAY HERE ONE MORE NIGHT, BUT TOMORROW WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY BACK HOME...
...BOTH OF US!

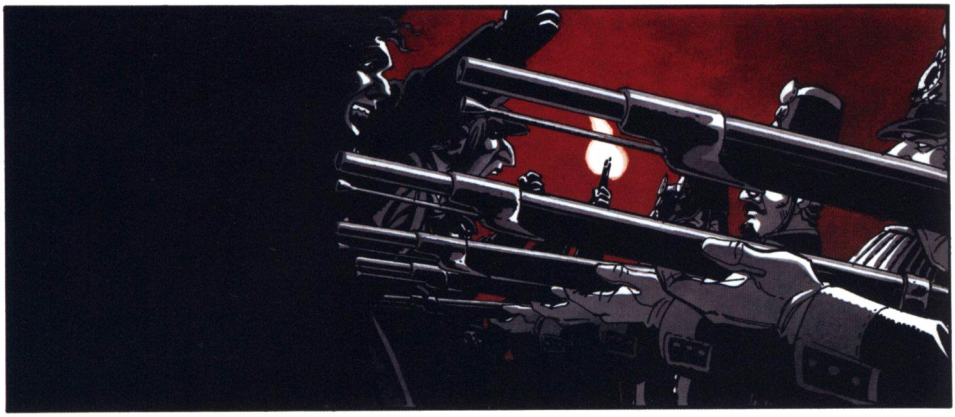
AND YOU... WHERE WILL YOU GO?
WHEREVER I END UP... IF I FOLLOW THE CROWDS I'M SURE TO END UP SOMEWHERE...
IF YOU WANT AN ADDRESS... I HAVE MANY FRIENDS WHO COULD HIDE YOU!...
YOU BELONG TO A SECRET SOCIETY?
STAY WITH US!... WE FIGHT FOR A JUST AND WORTHY CAUSE...
...STAY WITH ME...
THERE ARE THINGS ABOUT THIS WORLD I WISH I COULD CHANGE TOO, RODOLPHE...

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO FOLLOW THE CROWD!... THE POLICE WILL FLUSH HER OUT SOONER OR LATER!...
MAYBE...
A REVOLUTION ALWAYS STARTS WITH A CROWD!
IF YOU DON'T FOLLOW THE CROWD YOU'LL BE LEFT BEHIND!
LA REFORME
EVERYTHING'S TAKEN CARE OF, BERNARD...
THE PROPERTY ON INNOCENTS' IS SOLD, I SIGNED IT OVER THIS MORNING AT THE NOTARY'S OFFICE. AND YOU'VE FINALLY RETRACTED THOSE CONFESSIONS YOU MADE!...
I ASSUME YOU HAD A HAND IN THAT LITTLE SCHEME, THEN?
OH BERNARD! I COULD NEVER LET YOU CONFESS TO A CRIME YOU DIDN'T COMMIT. I'M YOUR SISTER!
AND IF I LIED? IF I REALLY DID KILL THE PAINTER AND THAT VICAR?...
...AND IF I KILLED OLIO MOTHER? WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE, SARAH?
DID YOU KILL HER?

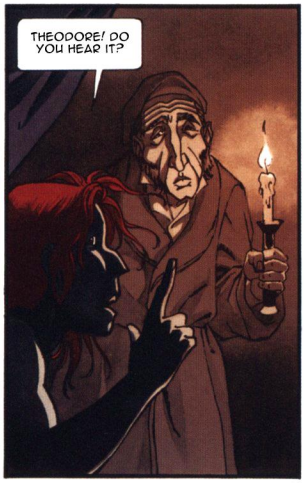
ANSWER ME, LITTLE BROTHER! WHO KILLED OUR MOTHER?
I TOLD YOU! I DID!!
I FORGIVE YOU, BERNARD...
...SHE WAS A HORRIBLE WOMAN! HER DESTRUCTION OF FATHER'S WORK DROVE HIM TO SUICIDE!...
...YES! SHE HAD TO DIE!!
WHAT... HOW COULD YOU SAY THAT??!...
...SHE HAD TO!!...
I'M GOING BACK ON FOOT, SARAH! WHEREVER YOU'RE GOING... I CAN'T GO WITH YOU...

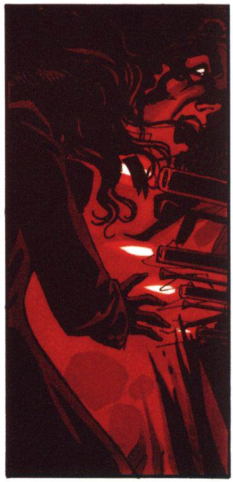
WHY, WE'RE GOING HOME, BERNARD!
GOODBYE, BIG SISTER!
...BERNARD?!...
BERNARD! I ORDER YOU TO STAY HERE! IT'S POURING RAIN!!...
...WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GOING HOME!!...
...DO YOU HEAR ME, LITTLE BROTHER? IF YOU AREN'T BACK BY THE COUNT OF FIVE, I'M LEAVING YOU BEHIND!!

YOU CAN HEAR THE CROWDS ALL THE WAY FROM HERE!...
...THEY'RE SO AGITATED IN THE STREETS THAT I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK THERE WILL REALLY BE A REVOLUTION!
WHAT REVOLUTION? I'VE ASKED YOU THREE TIMES TO TAKE DOWN THE FAMILY PORTRAIT IN THE LIBRARY AND YOU HAVEN'T DONE IT. YOU SEE? NOTHING EVER CHANGES...
COME NOW, MASTER BERNARD...
...SAVE IT! JUST GET ME SOMETHING TO DRINK... A BIG GLASS OF WINE!
YOU OUGHT TO SLEEP, SIR!...
SLEEP... YES... A DEEP, ETERNAL SLEEP...
...TO NEVER AGAIN THINK, HATE, OR LOVE... ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, IT WOULD BE FOR THE BEST, WOULDN'T IT? THAT'S WHAT "MASTER HUGO" DECIDED...



WAS THAT YOU YELLING?...


THEODORE! DO YOU HEAR IT?

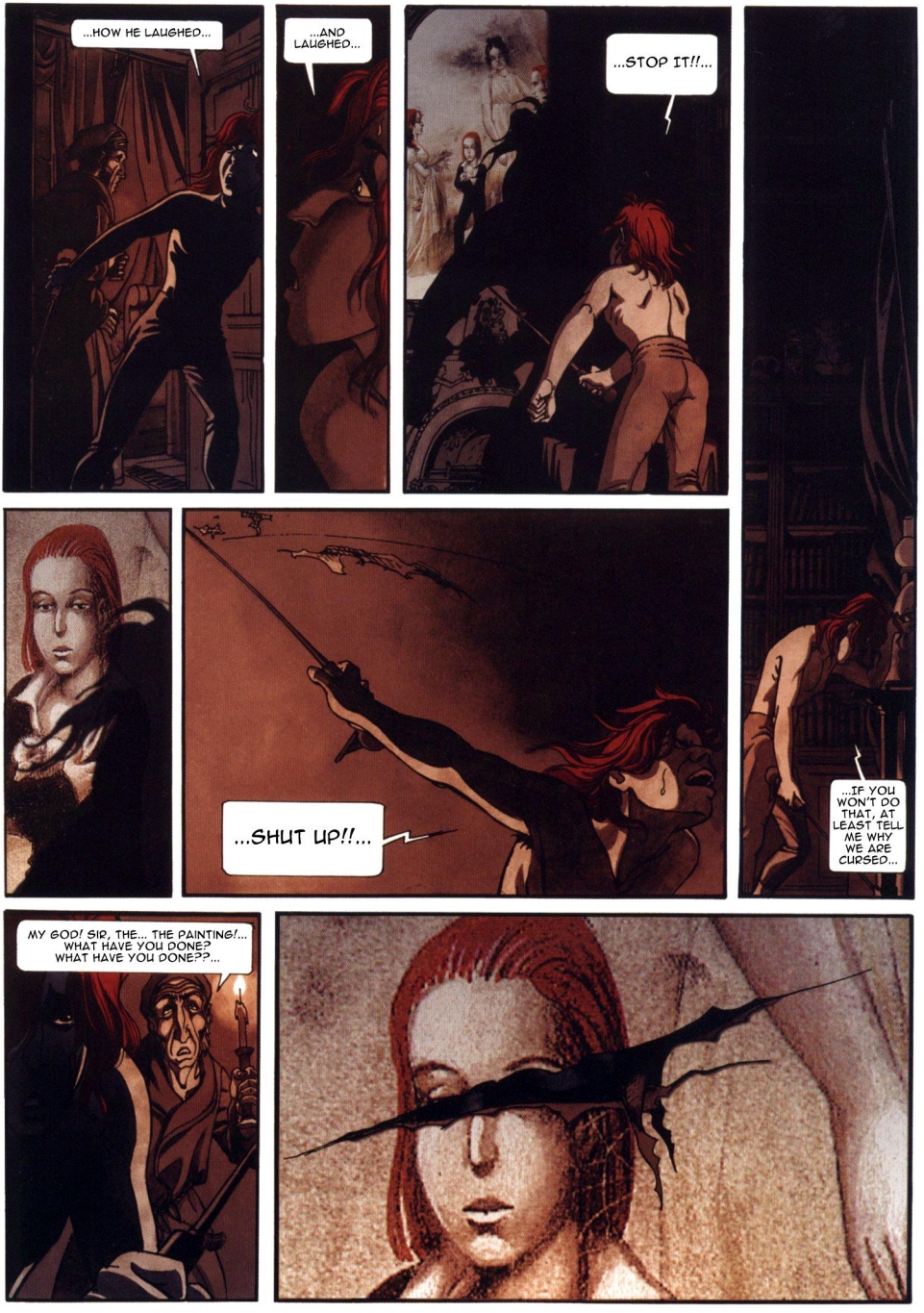


IT SOUNDED LIKE... LAUGHTER... THE WILD, GUTTURAL LAUGHTER OF A MADMAN!...
YOU SHOULD SLEEP, SIR! IT WAS ONLY A NIGHTMARE...

...IT WAS MY FATHER...

YES! I'M SURE OF IT! I STILL FEEL HIS VOICE ECHOING INSIDE ME...

MASTER BERNARD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?


...HOW HE LAUGHED...
...AND LAUGHED...
...STOP IT!!...
...IF YOU WON'T DO THAT, AT LEAST TELL ME WHY WE ARE CURSED...
...SHUT UP!!...
MY GOD! SIR, THE... THE PAINTING!... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE??...

SIR, NO! NO!! DON'T...
...THE WIDOW RESIDES WITHIN HIS WALLS!!

A TOAST! TO THE INNOCENTS !!
MY DEAR LIBERTY, I MUST SAY THAT BUYING THIS PROPERTY ON INNOCENTS' STREET IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS POLITICAL HUBBUB PROVES YOU HAVE THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN THE FUTURE! THOUGH IT SEEMS FEW OF THOSE INVITED SHARE THIS CONFIDENCE...
...CONFIDENCE IN THE FUTURE, YOU SAY...
...YES, I SUPPOSE SO! WHAT COULD THEY HAVE TO FEAR ON A SUCH A WONDERFUL EVENING?...
SORRY I'M LATE, MA'AM, BUT...
DUC! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO SHOW... WHAT NEWS DO YOU BRING, MY DEAR?
BAD NEWS... ALL THE STREETS IN THE CAPITAL ARE BLOCKED! A GRAVE TRAGEDY HAS SPARKED PANIC AMONG THE PEOPLE...
...THE ARMY FIRED INTO THE CROWD ON CAPUCINE BOULEVARD...

MASTER BERNARD! ARE YOU ALRIGHT? I HARDLY RECOGNIZE YOU ANYMORE...
"...the widow resides within his walls, but now she laughs no more..."
I IMPLORE YOU, SIR! YOU MUST SLEEP!...
THEODORE... IT WASN'T LAUGHING... IT WAS A LONG, SOBBING LAMENT...
...DO YOU HEAR IT NOW?...
STAY RIGHT THERE! I'M GOING TO FIND YOU A DOCTOR!!...
...IT WAS COMING FROM THE STREET...
...I HAVE TO SILENCE IT...
N°4

BEURRE ET FROMAGES
THE SYMBOL OF THE PEOPLE IS DEAD! WE MUST HAVE VENGEANCE!!

...WE'VE WON, RODOLPHE! THEY DIDN'T EXPECT US TO ERECT BARRICADES THROUGHOUT ALL OF PARIS!...
...ALL IMPASSIONED WITH THE SAME DESIRE, THE SAME SUFFERING, FOR THE REPUBLIC... VALDIEU WASN'T WRONG: A FEW MARTYRS WILL HAVE SERVED THE GREATER GOOD ONCE ALL THIS IS OVER...
...SIXTEEN DEAD... MAYBE SEVENTEEN...

DON'T TOUCH HER!!...
WHO'S THAT?
HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING THE CART THIS WHOLE TIME. POOR BOY...
...DON'T TOUCH HER!...
I BEG YOU, WAKE UP! YOU AREN'T ALLOWED TO DIE!!...
...NOT WITHOUT ME, LITTLE SISTER...
...BER...NARD...
LEROUGE! SHE'S AWAKE!
THAT'S JUST HER DEATH THROES...
NO! SHE NEEDS A DOCTOR! SOMEONE FIND A DOCTOR!
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, RODOLPHE?
YOU'VE BEEN PARADING HER AROUND NAKED THE PAST TWO HOURS!! YOU DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR THE BODY TO TURN COLD!! YOU DIDN'T BOTHER TO HELP HER!!!
ARE YOU BLAMING ME FOR THIS? SHE WENT INTO THE GUNFIRE OF HER OWN ACCORD! YOU SAW IT, DIDN'T YOU?

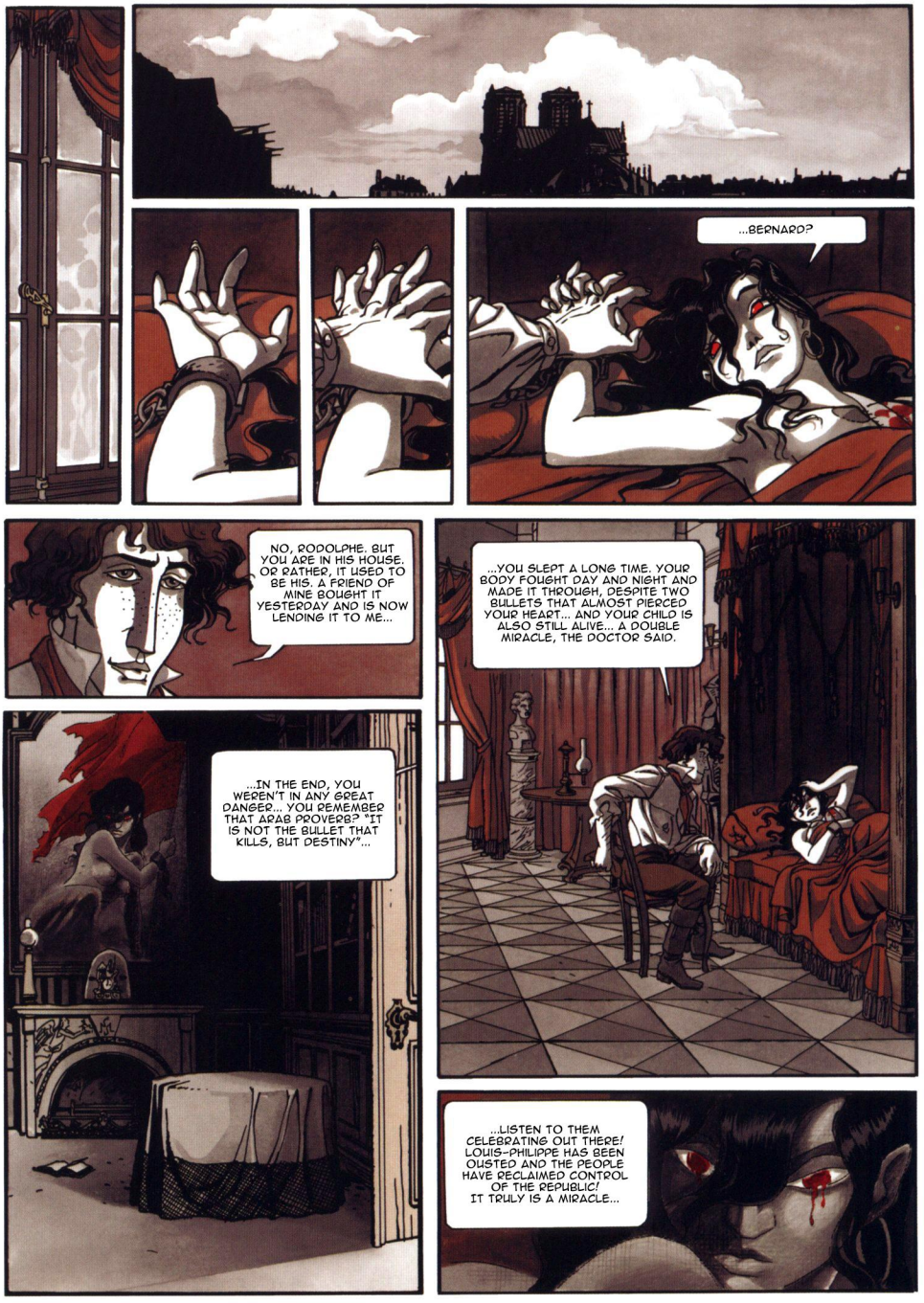
...BESIDES, YOU CAN'T SAVE THE SUICIDAL, ONLY DELAY THE INEVITABLE...
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS SAYING! WHY PROLONG HER AGONY? ALL OF PARIS HAS SEEN HER DEAD, AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR REVOLUTION!
YOU REMEMBER OUR PACT, JULIE? IF THIS IS THE END, THEN YOU CAN ASK ME NOW!...
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
...ASK ME TO DIE WITH YOU!
NO, BERNARD... YOU'LL ONLY... BETRAY ME AGAIN!...
HOW DARE YOU!! I WOULD NEVER...
...NEVER?!?

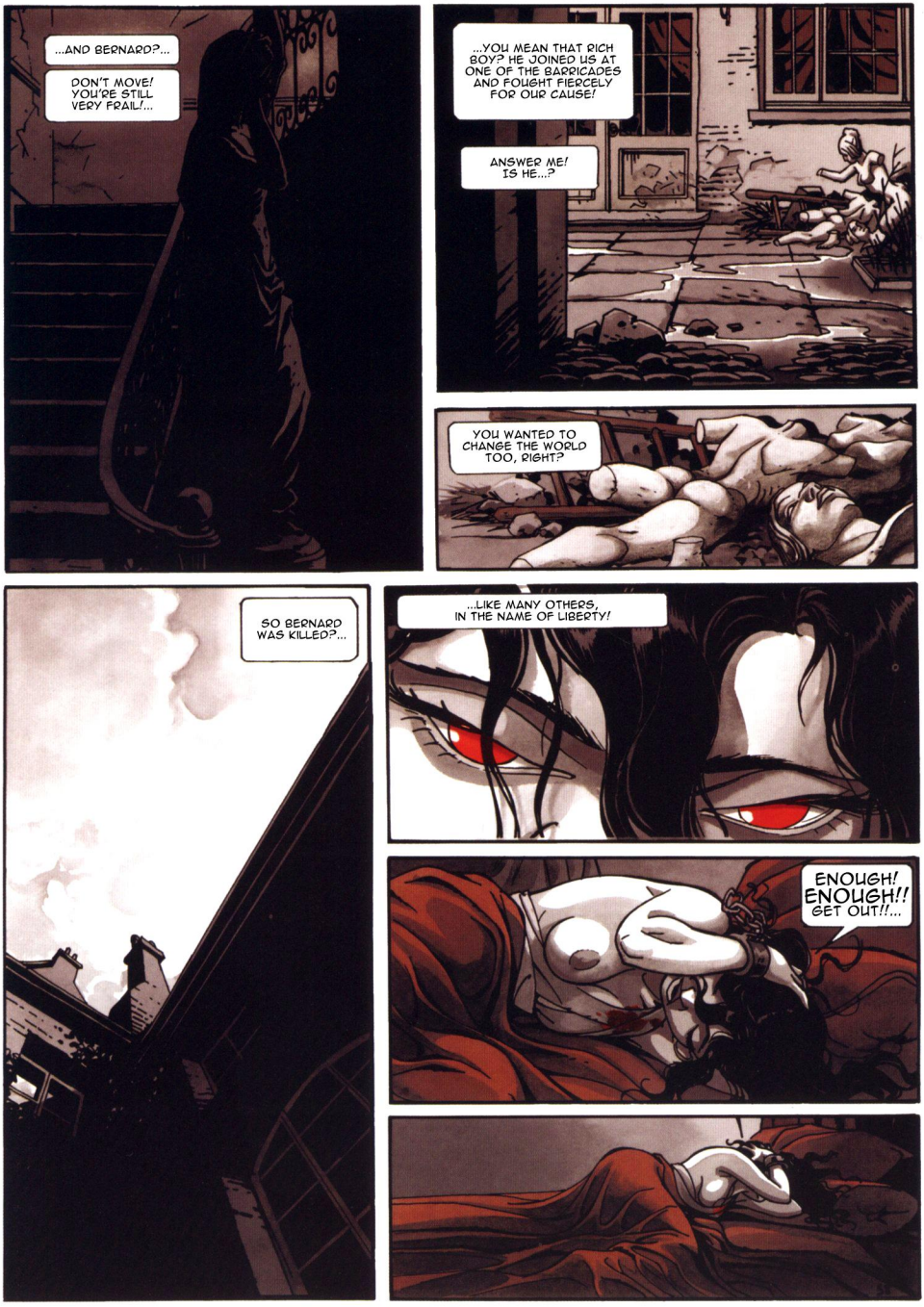
...BETRAY YOU... HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? WE BONDED THROUGH BLOOD, AND MORE!... YOU'RE MY HALF-SISTER, JULIE, AND I RUINED MY FATHER'S NAME FOR YOU! OUR FATHER'S NAME...
MY POOR BERNARD... WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?...
...OF COURSE IRIS LOVED HUGO SAMBRE... BUT WHAT PROSTITUTE... WOULD DARE TELL HER CLIENT... THAT HE WAS THE FATHER OF HER CHILD?...
...I'M THE DAUGHTER OF A WHORE, BERNARD... I'M HALF OF NOTHING...
...BERNARD... IT HURTS... HOLD ME...
OH HUGO, MY FATHER! HOW I HATE YOU! YOU LEFT THIS CURSED WAR FOR US TO FIGHT!!

...AND US? WHAT DO WE HAVE LEFT?... BESIDES OUR PACT...
JUST BE QUIET, BERNARD...
...YOU DON'T HAVE TO... LIE TO ME ANYMORE!...
MY HAND LIES, REMEMBER? THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID... IF WE MUST DIE TOGETHER, I'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOURS TO DECIDE!...
...BERNARD!... NO... I... NEVER WANTED... I...
...DO IT, JULIE!...

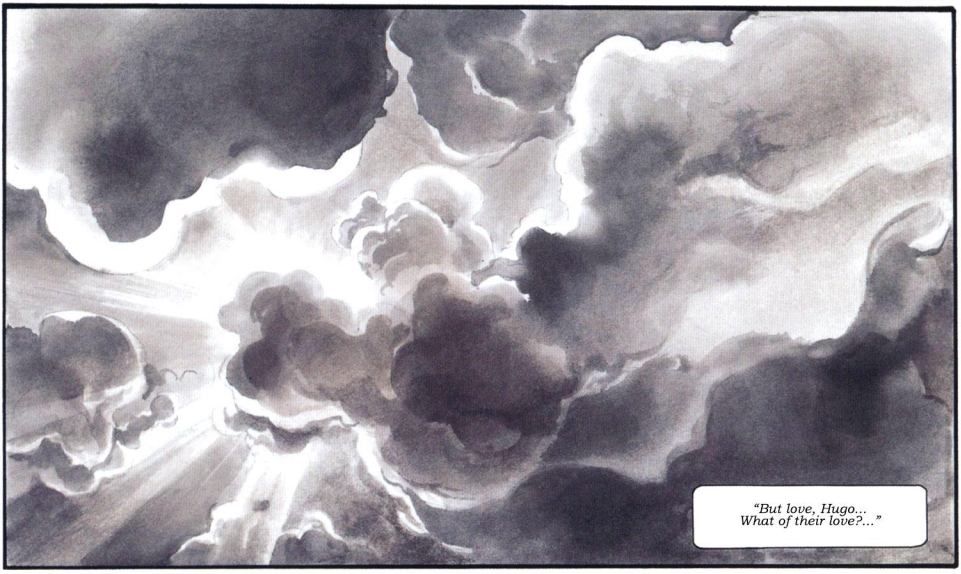
TAKE HEART, COMRADE... YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH REGRETS...
...WHERE THE ROAD SPLITS INTO MORTELLERIE AND INNOCENTS, THERE'S A BARRICADE AND TEN FRIENDS WAITING FOR YOU. YOU'LL HAVE A FLAG TO REMEMBER THE COLOR OF HER EYES, AND A GUN TO AVENGE HER!...
SOME DAYS YOU DISGUST ME, RODOLPHE... THANKS TO THESE DEATHS THE REPUBLIC MAY SOON BE REALIZED... BUT THINGS ALREADY FEEL AMISS!...
BREATHE, LEROUGE! BREATHE IT IN! THE WHOLE CITY IS TAKING UP ARMS! TOMORROW THERE WILL BE A THOUSAND, MAYBE TEN THOUSAND UNDER OUR BANNER! TOMORROW YOU WILL KNOW HER SACRIFICE WAS NOT IN VAIN!!

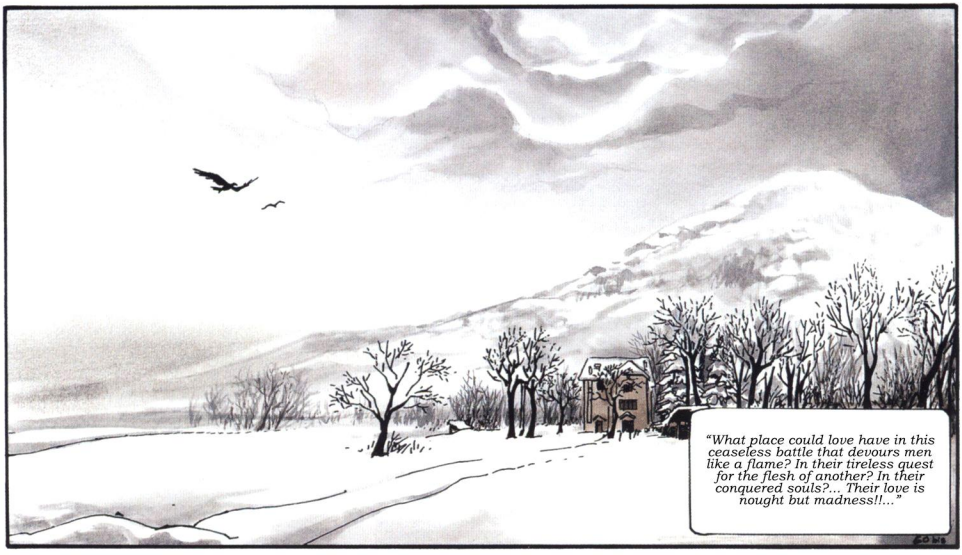
...THIS IS MADNESS... MY HAND IS TREMBLING... I... I ALWAYS WAS A TERRIBLE SHOT!...
...JUST ONE FAVOR, RODOLPHE... IF I FALL IN COMBAT, SWEAR TO ME JULIE AND I WILL BE BURIED TOGETHER... WITH THIS FLAG AS OUR SHROUD!
HAVE CONFIDENCE, COMRADE! YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY. AND LIBERTY CANNOT DIE! ...NOT TODAY, AT LEAST...

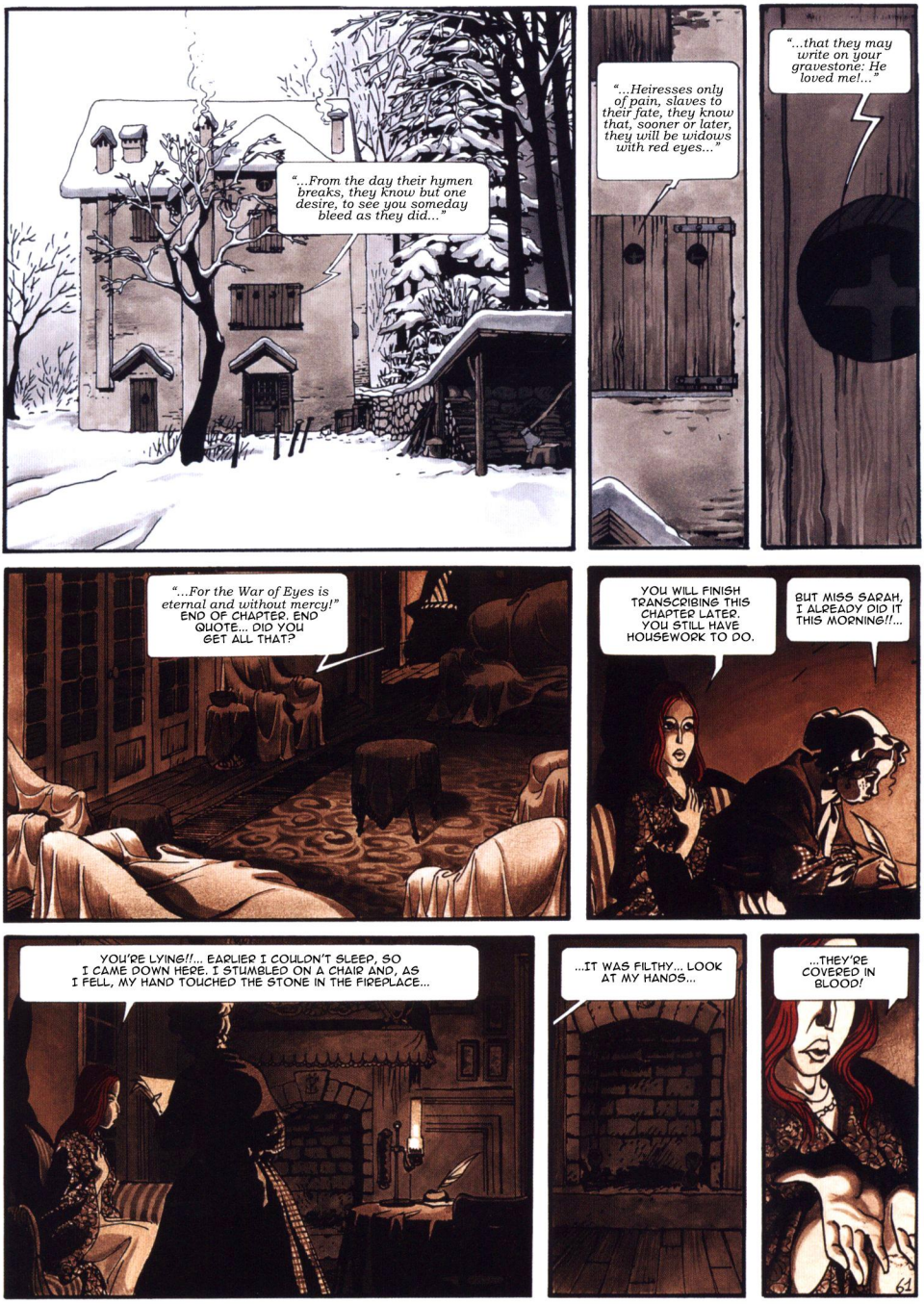

...BERNARD?
NO, RODOLPHE. BUT YOU ARE IN HIS HOUSE. OR RATHER, IT USED TO BE HIS. A FRIEND OF MINE BOUGHT IT YESTERDAY AND IS NOW LENDING IT TO ME...
...YOU SLEPT A LONG TIME. YOUR BODY FOUGHT DAY AND NIGHT AND MADE IT THROUGH, DESPITE TWO BULLETS THAT ALMOST PIERCED YOUR HEART... AND YOUR CHILD IS ALSO STILL ALIVE... A DOUBLE MIRACLE, THE DOCTOR SAID.
...IN THE END, YOU WEREN'T IN ANY GREAT DANGER... YOU REMEMBER THAT ARAB PROVERB? "IT IS NOT THE BULLET THAT KILLS, BUT DESTINY"...
...LISTEN TO THEM CELEBRATING OUT THERE! LOUIS-PHILIPPE HAS BEEN OUSTED AND THE PEOPLE HAVE RECLAIMED CONTROL OF THE REPUBLIC! IT TRULY IS A MIRACLE...


...AND BERNARD?...
DON'T MOVE! YOU'RE STILL VERY FRAIL!...
...YOU MEAN THAT RICH BOY? HE JOINED US AT ONE OF THE BARRICADES AND FOUGHT FIERCELY FOR OUR CAUSE!
ANSWER ME! IS HE...?
YOU WANTED TO CHANGE THE WORLD TOO, RIGHT?
SO BERNARD WAS KILLED?...
...LIKE MANY OTHERS, IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY!
ENOUGH! ENOUGH!! GET OUT!!...

...WHY?...
...WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE ME WHO SURVIVED?...

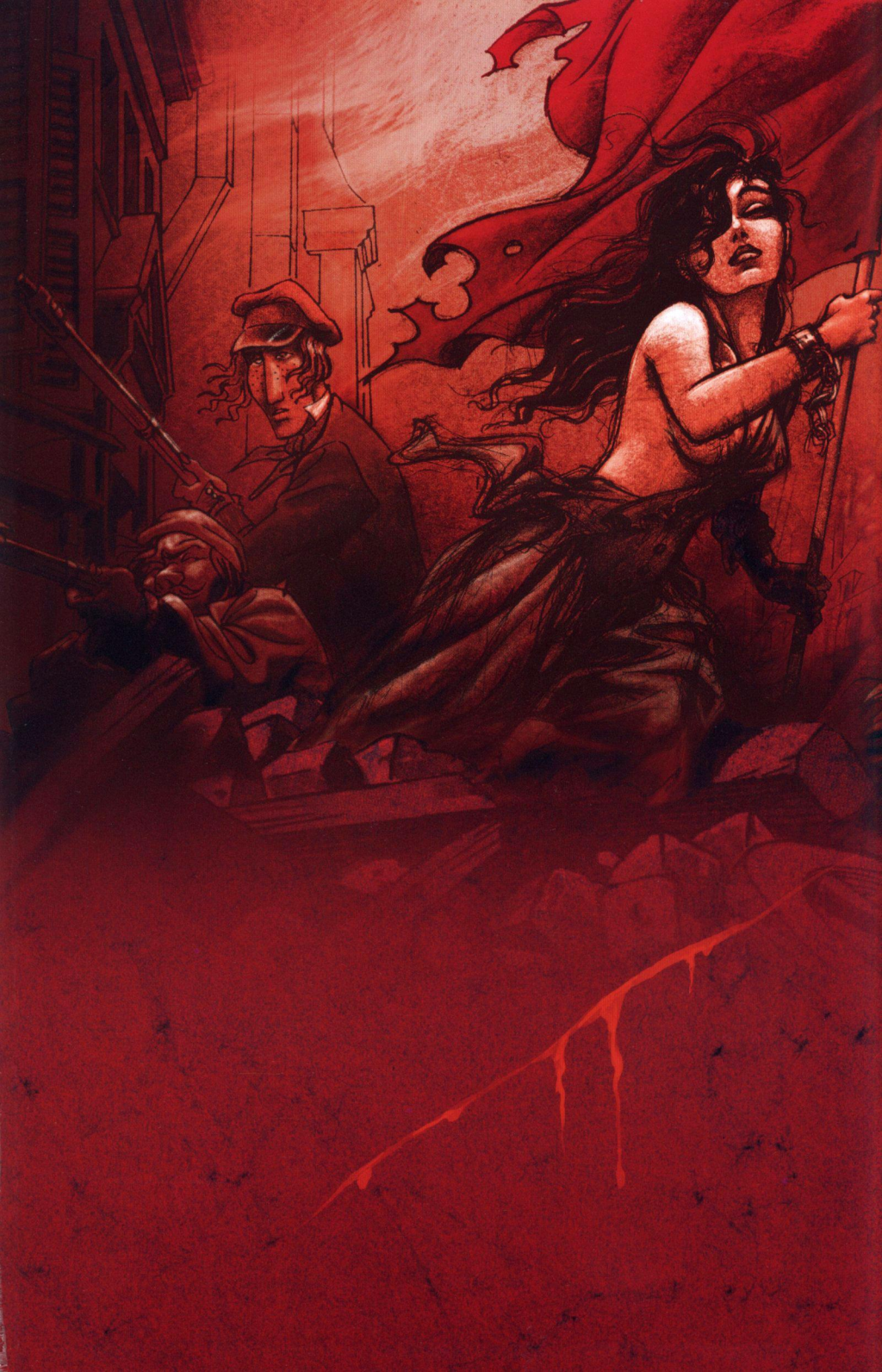

"But love, Hugo...
What of their love?..."

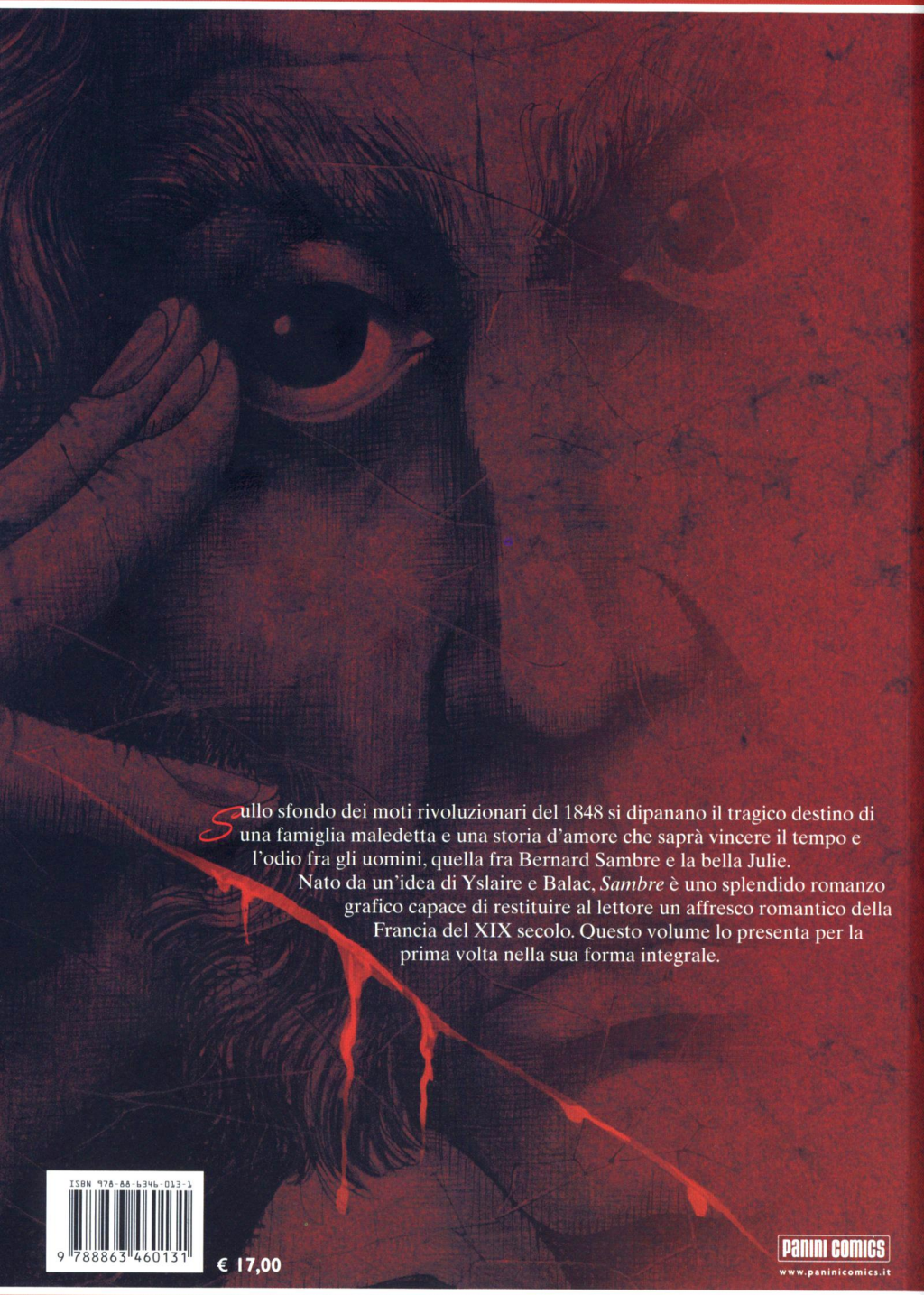

"What place could love have in this ceaseless battle that devours men like a flame? In their tireless quest for the flesh of another? In their conquered souls?... Their love is nought but madness!!..."


"...From the day their hymen breaks, they know but one desire, to see you someday bleed as they did..."
"...Heiresses only of pain, slaves to their fate, they know that, sooner or later, they will be widows with red eyes..."
"...that they may write on your gravestone: He loved me!..."
"...For the War of Eyes is eternal and without mercy!" END OF CHAPTER. END QUOTE... DID YOU GET ALL THAT?
YOU WILL FINISH TRANSCRIBING THIS CHAPTER LATER. YOU STILL HAVE HOUSEWORK TO DO.
BUT MISS SARAH, I ALREADY DID IT THIS MORNING!!...
YOU'RE LYING!!... EARLIER I COULDN'T SLEEP, SO I CAME DOWN HERE. I STUMBLED ON A CHAIR AND, AS I FELL, MY HAND TOUCHED THE STONE IN THE FIREPLACE...
...IT WAS FILTHY... LOOK AT MY HANDS...
...THEY'RE COVERED IN BLOOD!

End of Episode

Next episode: Cursed Be The Fruit of Thy Womb





Sullo sfondo dei moti rivoluzionari del 1848 si dipanano il tragico destino di una famiglia maledetta e una storia d'amore che saprà vincere il tempo e l'odio fra gli uomini, quella fra Bernard Sambre e la bella Julie.

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